

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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SIZES 36 38 40 42

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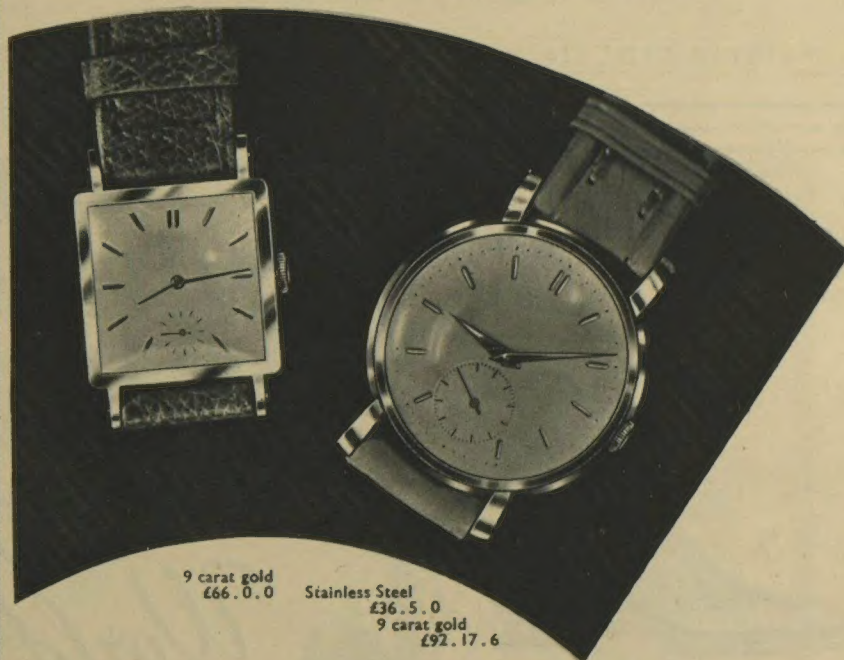
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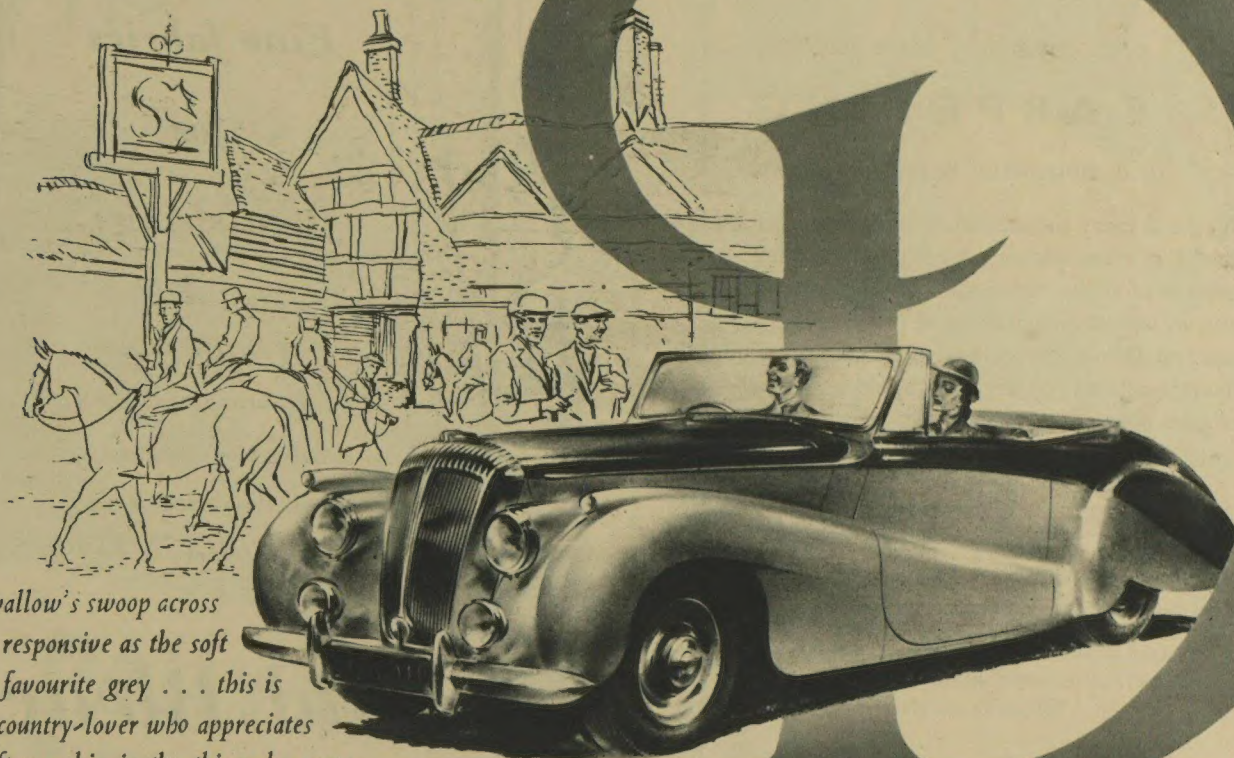
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D62

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*Swift as the swallow's swoop across the hedgerows, responsive as the soft mouth of your favourite grey . . . this is the car for the country-lover who appreciates beauty and craftsmanship in the things he owns.*

*Features of this Daimler 2½-litre Special Sports include new cylinder head design, dual carburettors and overdrive on top gear*

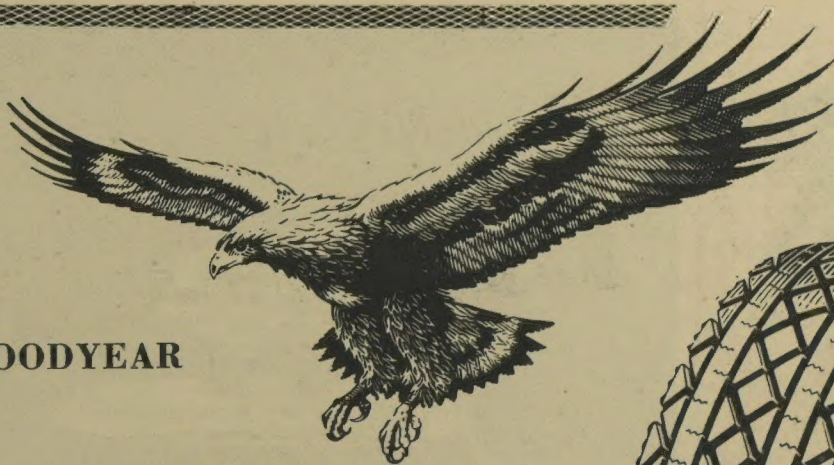
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highest-ever mileage, enduring stamina, relentless  
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FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR



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at a substantial reduction in price

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Reproduction Furniture, Curtains, Fabrics, Carpets

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most beautiful modern  
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and the loveliest and  
fastest colours.

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there's a new  
ORIENT LINER  
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ORION sails 22 MAR. 1951

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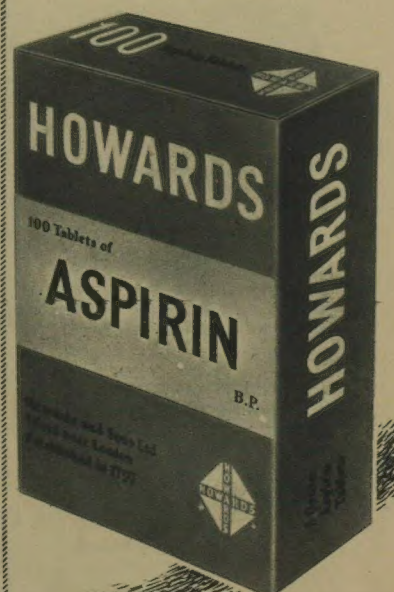
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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

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but  
the best*





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## A FEAST OF LOVELINESS AND LUXURY

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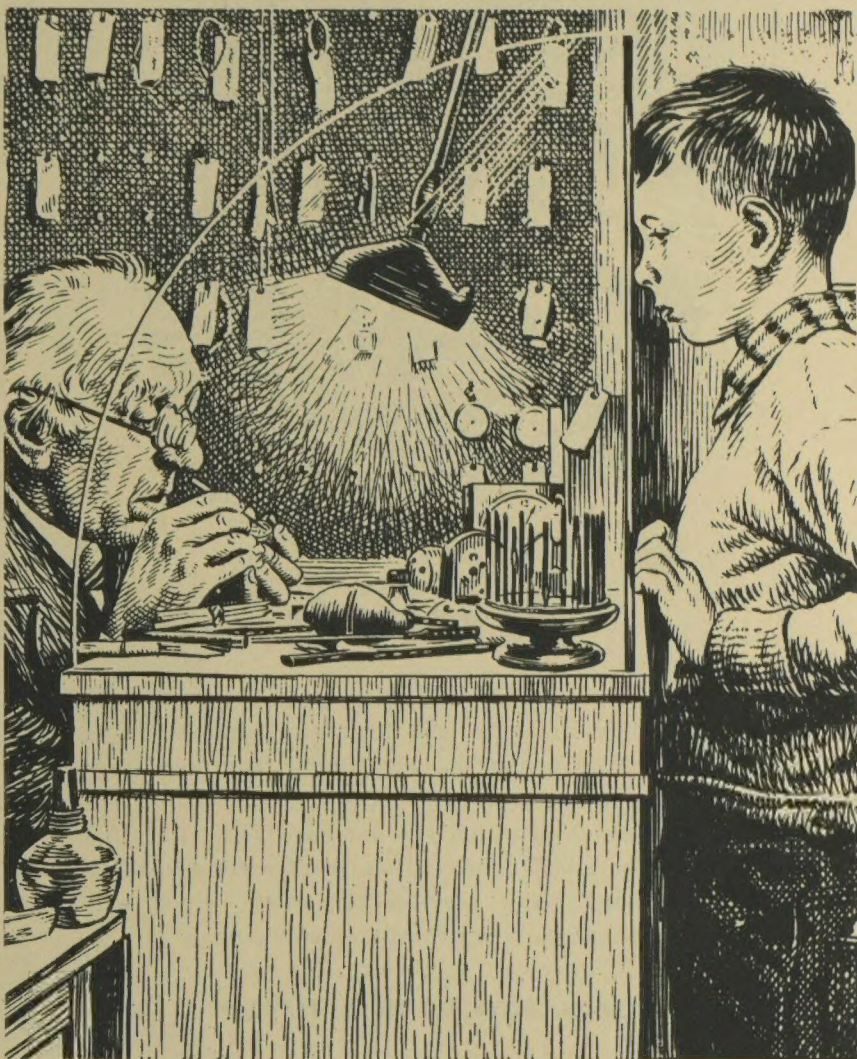
Daily 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.  
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Admission: Adults 2/9 Children 1/9

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—and, of course, Furniture, Furnishings—Labour-saving devices—Food and Cookery—Latest Household Appliances.

## TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



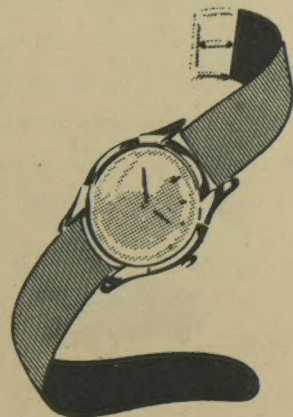
### "No bigger than a minute"

Compared with the great nations of the world, Switzerland is scarcely "bigger than a minute." But there the minute and the exact measure of its smallest fraction are the constant concern of 50,000 dedicated craftsmen. Their horological skill is a national resource in a land without natural wealth.

A fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is handcrafted with painstaking care—from the balance wheel that travels 3,600 miles a year to the tiniest screw, smaller than a pin-point. It's the quality of this workmanship behind the works that makes it a more accurate watch—a watch that lasts longer—that you can rely on.

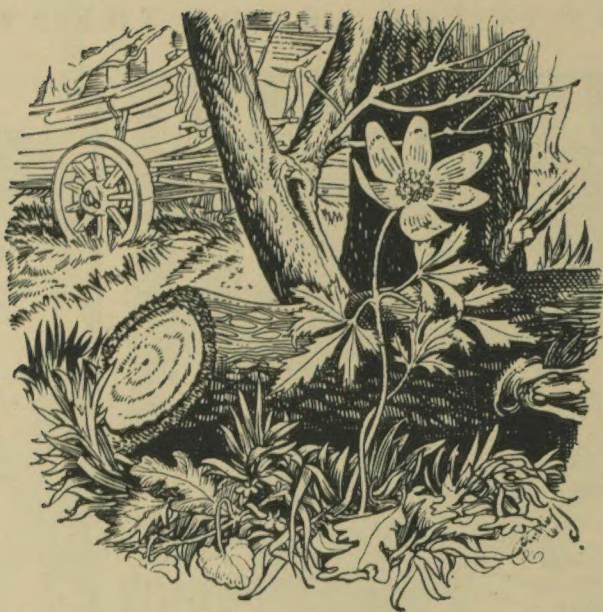
But the selection of so complex a mechanism requires the advice of an expert who can explain the inside facts about watch reliability. So when you buy, depend on an experienced jeweller to help you make your choice from his wide selection of up-to-the-minute styles. Your jeweller has a lifetime interest in keeping you satisfied.

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





## March

March brings with it Lady-Day when quarterly payments fall due. A standing order to the Midland Bank to pay rent, insurance premiums, school fees and similar recurrent outgoings on your behalf, or instructions to collect interest and dividends, are two of the ways in which you can save yourself both time and trouble. These and other facilities are described in a booklet entitled "Midland Bank services for you", which will be supplied gladly at any branch of the Bank.

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\* You will find a branch of the Bank at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia \*

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who may complain  
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that only on paper  
has humanity yet achieved  
glory, beauty, truth,  
knowledge, virtue  
and abiding love."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



All what? An effortless gear change from top to overdrive without use of clutch pedal, giving luxurious, smooth motoring at higher cruising speeds, lower petrol consumption and longer engine life.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1951.



**THE AMERICAN ADMIRAL WHOSE RUMOURED APPOINTMENT AS ALLIED NAVAL COMMANDER IN THE ATLANTIC HAS CAUSED SHARP CRITICISM ON BOTH SIDES OF THE COMMONS: ADMIRAL WILLIAM M. FECHTELER, U.S.N.**

On February 19 it was officially announced in Copenhagen that the Danish Government had approved the appointment of Admiral W. M. Fechteler, C-in-C. the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, as Allied Naval Commander in the Atlantic. On February 22 in the House of Commons Mr. Attlee, in reply to Mr. Churchill, acknowledged that the North Atlantic Treaty Defence Committee had agreed to appoint an American Supreme Commander, Atlantic, and that a U.S. officer had been nominated. "Were no British admirals capable of discharging these functions?" asked Mr. Churchill amid loud cheers; and went on to stress Great Britain's strategic position

in the Atlantic, our experience (longer and wider than that of any other country), our record (especially in submarine warfare) and our glorious naval traditions, and asked had we "fallen so far into the walks of humility" that we were "to be brushed out of the way in this matter?" His remarks met with support from both sides of the House, and Mr. Attlee eventually said, "I will look into the matter. As I understand it, they have selected the Admiral they think most suitable." Admiral Fechteler is nearly fifty-five, has held an Atlantic command since 1946, but his war service was mainly in the Pacific.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

RE-READING one of Sir Osbert Sitwell's enchanting volumes of autobiography—probably the supreme literary achievement of the last English decade—I was struck by his picture of a very old, very rich man who entertained him and some other young officers of the Guards in his country house during autumn manoeuvres a year before the outbreak of the First World War. "This fragile, beautifully neat old gentleman with an anxious expression," who seemed, as Sir Osbert wrote, "to sum up in his person a century of luxurious living and sly financial domination," kept in his large Victorian mansion, filled with superb and priceless works of art, as well as a great staff and a private orchestra, a detective, a doctor and a lawyer. These three were always in attendance, the first to guard his treasures, the second to prevent his being parted from them by death, the third to ensure his capacity to re-dispose of them up to the last possible moment of his transient life. "To such lengths, heights or depths," Sir Osbert comments, "can great wealth lead a being endowed with a highly-strung nervous system and some imagination."

All this, of course, seems remote in the extreme from the problems of our own age. "How unlike," as the Victorian lady observed after witnessing a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra," "the home life of our beloved Queen!" It is indeed hard to believe that the picture Sir Osbert draws of this rich old man's *ménage* is taken from a period divided from us, not by centuries, but by the lifetime only of a living Englishman of thirty-eight. Yet so it is, and I myself can recall vividly, as seen through a boy's eyes, the vanished world Sir Osbert so brilliantly and faithfully portrays. What is important is to appreciate, as this historical portrait enables one to do, that the cares and anxieties of mankind in one age only differ in kind, but not in degree, from those of mankind in another. Owing to the lack of depth in our prevailing education and culture—a lack of depth perfectly illustrated by the philosophy of our ephemeral popular Press—we are all convinced that we are to-day confronted with problems and dangers far greater and more appalling than mankind has ever known before. The absurdity of this conviction can be easily appreciated by anyone familiar with, say, the history of Europe in the fifth century after Christ, when calamities, on the face of it far more terrible than any we have yet known in this island in our own time, were the daily lot of all educated and civilised men and women. But what is startling—and salutary—is to realise that anxieties just as great as ours, and as real, haunted and poisoned the life of a being whose life was cast in the most prosperous and secure period in English history and whose personal lot, even for that time, was exceptionally favoured. The owner of this great house of treasures, guarded night and day from every conceivable terrestrial misfortune, waited on hand and foot by hordes of faithful and obsequious retainers, able, by his command of vast wealth and the high state of civilisation and public order about him, to gratify almost instantaneously any wish, was yet haunted perpetually by the imminence of absolute and unavoidable disaster. No atomic bomb, no Soviet domination, no social cataclysm could do more to rob and injure him than the certain approach of death that was so soon to take away, as he knew, all his treasure and everything on which he had set his lonely heart. Nor was that fearful extinction one that threatened him alone; the familiar surroundings and the lovely things on which he had based

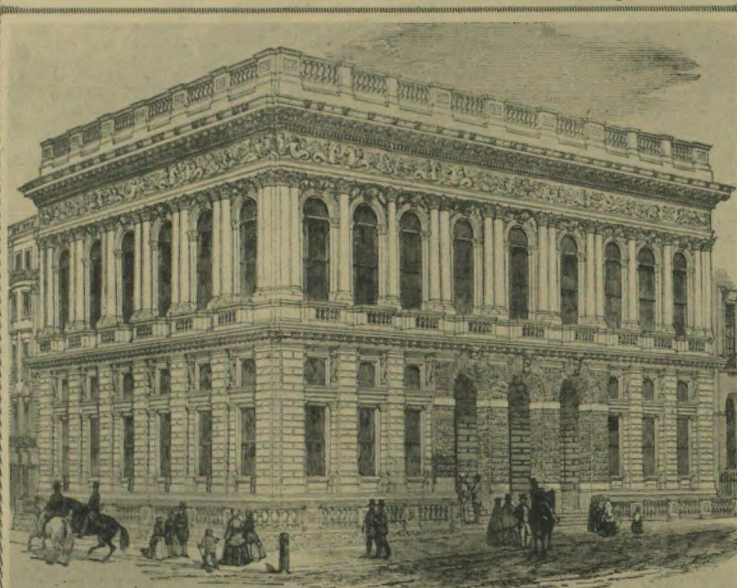
his careful life were as certainly doomed too. Little more than a quarter of a century after the time at which Sir Osbert Sitwell visited it, I used to pass by the place where this old man had lived in such opulent seclusion: the smooth lawns buried under concrete, the noble trees felled, the gracious solitude banished by thousands of shabby, shuffling, blue-clad Air Force recruits largely drawn, ironically enough, from the grim Northern and Midland industrial towns on which that wealth and security and privilege had been based. The inexorable had happened. The house of man on earth had been sacked and gutted; the worldly treasure of a human heart had been utterly destroyed.

In other words, all that we dread and perplex ourselves over is merely another manifestation of the inherent lot of man on this planet. We cannot make the world safe for Democracy or U.N.O. or any other abstraction, for the simple reason that we cannot make it safe for ourselves. Like our fathers and our fathers' fathers before us and our children and children's children after us, we must live in perpetual jeopardy and be doomed to the ultimate loss of all we love. There is only one thing for man to do under such circumstances: to shoulder the burden so incomprehensibly placed on his frail back and to treat it, with courage and philosophy, as inevitable. And wherever man, whether acting as an individual or in the aggregate, does that, history and one's own experience suggest that he receives a compensation. He finds that for the first time he is the master of his own soul: master, because he no longer fears his fate. He knows that fate was made for him. And if he can only bring himself to believe and trust—as deep down an inalienable instinct of hope prompts him to do—that such fate, however seemingly bleak, was designed for him for some as yet undiscernible reason by an all-wise, all-seeing Providence, he will not find his path so very difficult or bewildering after all. Nor will a nation that so trusts. That was why, in 1940, when we were driven back by harsh reality on that ancient truth, we found such unexpected strength and purpose.

Nothing we can do as individuals or as a nation can prevent the possibility of ourselves and of our world being wiped out by atomic attack, just as nothing, for all the measures that rich and anxious old man took to ward it off, could avoid the certainty of death depriving him of all his earthly treasures and power. It is, therefore, merely giving ourselves unnecessary trouble to worry about the possibility. Whether I am to die by an atomic bomb, by cancer, or by fatty degeneration of the heart I have not the slightest idea; I only know that I am to die. Whether the world I love is to be changed by atomic explosion or by some other manifestation of the eternal restlessness and folly of man, I do not know; I only know that it is to

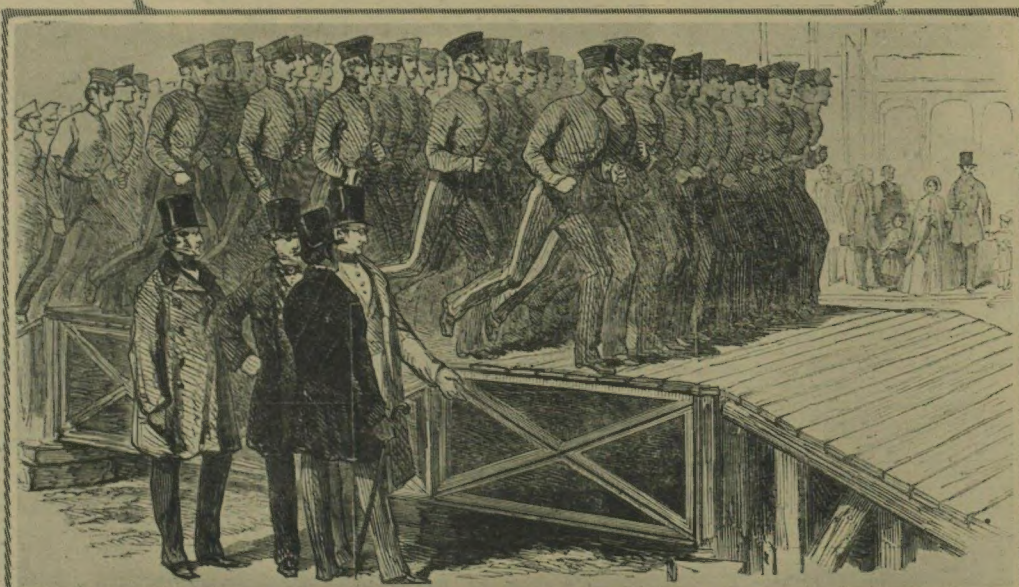
be changed. So it was in the beginning and so, presumably, it ever shall be. Personally, whatever others may do, I find the reflection comforting. Nor do I regard it as any excuse for refraining from doing our best to avert the seeming calamities that confront us: the nature of man is such that he not only wants to exert himself to ward off disaster but that he can never be happy except when he forgets himself in the effort to do so. The most imminent threat to man's existence has always been that, if he cannot find food for to-day's and to-morrow's and the next day's dinner, he will starve. And it has been the very necessity of doing so and of exerting himself to his full capacity in the process that has given him, not only his dinner, but the chief satisfaction and contentment of which on earth he is capable.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 1, 1851.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING ADDITIONS TO THE SERIES OF MODERN CLUB-HOUSES IN PALL MALL: THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUBHOUSE.

"This beautiful building, one of the most imposing additions to the series of modern club-houses which now adorn Pall-Mall and its neighbourhood, was opened to the use of the members of the club on Tuesday; it having been for the greater portion of last week the admiration of immense numbers of visitors, who were admitted by tickets. In its exterior, as will be seen by our Engraving, the building is particularly rich in ornamental detail; the frieze, with its groups symbolic of the Army and Navy, being very effective. The idea of the building is avowedly borrowed from Salsovino's Palazzo Cornaro at Venice."



TESTING THE GALLERIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING: SAPPERS AND MINERS ENGAGED AT THE WORKS RUNNING OVER THE FLOOR IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"We have from time to time, during the construction of the Great Industrial Palace, expressed our firm conviction of the perfect safety of every part of the Building. 'Are the floors of the Crystal Palace sufficiently strong to sustain the moving masses that will daily pass over them?' That question was satisfactorily answered on the 18th ult. when, in the presence of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the President of the Exhibition, and the Royal family . . . severe tests were applied to a 24-feet square of gallery floor . . ." (The tests were carried out successfully. Apparently fears had been expressed in many quarters about the dangers of the stability of "the Great Industrial Palace.")





LEAVING ALDERGROVE, NORTHERN IRELAND, BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES ON ITS RECORD-MAKING FLIGHT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC *CANBERRA* B.2 TACTICAL BOMBER.

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN UNDER FIVE HOURS: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC "CANBERRA" AND HER CREW OF THREE.

FEBRUARY 21 will be recorded with pride in the annals of the R.A.F. and the British aircraft industry, for on that day a jet bomber made the first non-stop Transatlantic flight by this type of aircraft. An English Electric *Canberra* B.2 tactical bomber, with a large oblong patch on its starboard wing covering a hole made by a seagull on the previous day, left the ground at the R.A.F. station at Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, at 12.43 p.m. and landed at Gander, Newfoundland, at 5.23 p.m. G.M.T.—an elapsed time of 4 hours 40 minutes. Its ground speed against severe head-winds averaged between 445 and 450 miles per hour. For most of the journey the *Canberra*, piloted by Squadron Leader A. E. Callard, of the Aircraft and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down, Wiltshire, flew at a height of more than 40,000 ft. The flight not only broke all previous Transatlantic speed records but was the first to be made by a jet aircraft across the Atlantic without refuelling.



THE CREW THAT MANNED THE *CANBERRA* ON THE RECORD ATLANTIC CROSSING: (L. TO R.) FLT. LT. A. J. R. ROBSON (SIGNALLER); SQDN. LDR. A. E. CALLARD (PILOT) AND FLT. LT. E. A. J. HASKETT (NAVIGATOR).



## A SCRAPBOOK OF EVENTS; NEWS ITEMS FROM ITALY, AUSTRALIA AND BRITAIN.



CHECKING THROUGH A CLANDESTINE ARMS DUMP NEAR GENOA: ITALIAN POLICE SORTING OUT SOME 14 TONS OF EQUIPMENT FOUND IN THE CACHE.

During recent weeks a number of clandestine arsenals have been unearthed in Northern Italy. A haul in the outskirts of Genoa, containing some 14 tons of material, included a mortar, heavy and light machine-guns and rifles. According to reports, some of the men who recently broke away from the Communist-controlled partisans' association told the police of these arsenals. The arms found at Genoa were in an excellent state of preservation and showed signs of having been greased recently.



IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: THE 74-IN. REFLECTING TELESCOPE, ONE OF THE SIX LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

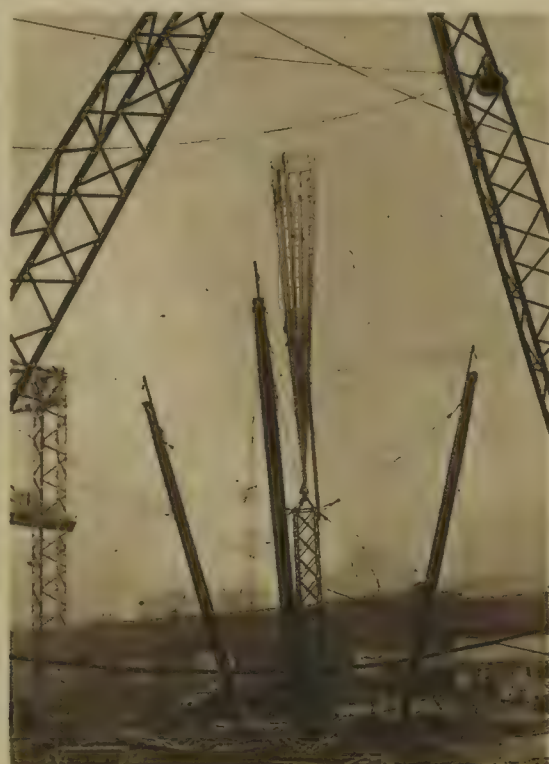


BESIDE A MODEL BEING USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE HUMAN BRAIN: MR. MISCHA BLACK, CHIEF DESIGNER FOR DISPLAY.

The Festival of Britain, a nation-wide demonstration of Britain's leading achievements in the arts, sciences, technology and industrial design, is to be held from May to September this year. The centrepiece of the Festival will be the Exhibition on the South Bank of the River Thames. Here, despite the hindrance of the wettest February on record, the buildings are beginning to assume their final shape. H.M. the King is to declare the Festival open on May 3 after a State Service of Dedication at St. Paul's Cathedral.



THE DRAW FOR THE DAVIS CUP: THE SCENE AT MELBOURNE, AS SIR JOHN LATHAM (RIGHT) DREW THE NAMES FROM THE CUP ITSELF. The draw for the Davis Cup Competition was held on Feb. 6 in Australia as Australia is the holder of the cup. Great Britain drew a bye in the first round and meets France in the second round of the European zone. Germany and Japan are readmitted, and Germany meets Yugoslavia in the European zone while Japan meets the U.S. in the North American zone.



A 300-FT.-HIGH BEACON WHICH WILL APPEAR TO FLOAT IN SPACE: THE SKYLON BEING ERRECTED ON THE SOUTH BANK FESTIVAL SITE.



(LEFT.) BIRTHPLACE OF THE INVENTOR OF CINEMATOGRAPHY: 69, COLLEGE STREET, BRISTOL, WHERE WILLIAM FRIESE-GREENE WAS BORN IN 1855. THE FESTIVAL FILM OF 1951, TO BE CALLED "THE MAGIC BOX," TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

(RIGHT.) IN HONOURABLE RETIREMENT AT CANTERBURY: STEPHENSON'S INVICTA WHICH RAN ON THE WHITSTABLE-CANTERBURY RAILWAY OVER 100 YEARS AGO. IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT INVICTA SHOULD BE BROUGHT OUT OF RETIREMENT FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.





# WITH THE UNITED STATES FORCES IN KOREA: THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN THE FIELD.



PREPARING TO ENGAGE A TARGET NEAR THE HAN RIVER: U.S. TROOPS MANNING A 75-MM. RECOIL-LESS GUN WHICH HAS A RANGE OF 7000 YARDS.



WORKING THEIR WAY FORWARD TO ATTACK A COMMUNIST ADVANCED POSITION: MEN OF THE U.S. 15TH INFANTRY REGIMENT IN ACTION IN KOREA,



A "TIGER" TANK WITH THE U.S. FORCES IN KOREA: THE LIGHT-HEARTED CREW OF AN M46 GENERAL PATTON TANK WITH THEIR FEARSOME CONVERSION WHICH IS DESIGNED TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE ENEMY AS IT GOES INTO ACTION.



AN M4 SHERMAN TANK IN DIFFICULTIES: ENGINEERS OF THE U.S. 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION PROPPING UP A PARTLY COLLAPSED BRIDGE IN KOREA TO ENABLE A TANK TO BE RESCUED.



PROMOTION IN THE FIELD: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, COMMANDING THE U.S. 8TH ARMY, PINNING A LIEUT.-GENERAL'S THIRD STAR ON NEWLY-PROMOTED LIEUT.-GENERAL E. M. ALMOND.



A CONFERENCE AT I. CORPS HEADQUARTERS: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-GENERAL EDWARD M. ALMOND, COMMANDING X. CORPS; GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, C-IN-C. U.N. FORCES IN KOREA, AND LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, COMMANDING THE EIGHTH ARMY.

On this page we illustrate some aspects of the war in Korea and feature the U.S. military leaders whose planning, and execution of those plans, have enabled the comparatively small U.N. force in Korea to more than hold its own against overwhelming odds. The 75-mm. recoil-less gun shown here was used for the first time in the Pacific during the Okinawa fighting in 1945, and was perhaps one of the most interesting weapons developed in the last year

of World War II. It fires conventional artillery-type shells and has exhaust ports in the breech to permit the escape of a portion of the propellant gases. The gun has a range of 7000 yards. The recent promotion of Major-General E. M. Almond, commanding X. Corps, to the rank of Lieut.-General was marked by a ceremony, when Lieut.-General Matthew B. Ridgway, commanding the U.S. Eighth Army, visited his headquarters and pinned on his third star.





ASSEMBLING ON A RIDGE BEFORE MOVING OFF TO ATTACK COMMUNIST POSITIONS: UNITED STATES INFANTRY IN THE WONJU AREA, WHERE THEY INFLECTED HEAVY CASUALTIES.



AFTER A COMMUNIST ATTACK HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY U.N. ARTILLERY BARRAGES AND INFANTRY COUNTER-ATTACKS: THE BODIES OF DEAD COMMUNISTS LYING ON A SNOW-COVERED SLOPE IN THE WONJU AREA WHERE A UNITED NATIONS OFFENSIVE ON A 50-MILE FRONT BEGAN ON FEBRUARY 21.

#### THE UNITED NATIONS OFFENSIVE ON THE CENTRAL KOREAN FRONT: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE WONJU AREA.

At the time of writing the United Nations 50-mile-wide offensive on the central Korean front shows no sign of being halted, and the process of ironing-out the Wonju bulge is progressing favourably. Whenever the enemy has been encountered in strength heavy casualties have been inflicted on him and a position developed where the Communist commanders appeared to be more anxious to save

men than to hold territory. Among Commonwealth troops taking part in the offensive are Canadians committed to battle for the first time at the front since their arrival in Korea. The unit, Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, will soon be joined by a larger Canadian force which has been training in the United States. General Ridgway has indicated that the purpose of the offensive is to destroy the enemy.





LOADING A U.N. AIR FORCES' F.51 *MUSTANG* WITH NAPALM (JELLIED PETROL) BOMBS: A CORPORAL OF A SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE SQUADRON IN KOREA.

ONE of the most feared weapons employed in the Korean war is the napalm (jellied petrol) bomb, which covers a large area with flaming petrol and has been used against targets such as store dumps and troops quartered in buildings. It can also be used to set fire to brushwood and grass, thus rendering strongly held positions untenable by the enemy. Our top photograph shows one of these bombs being loaded on a *Mustang* fighter which is also armed with rockets for use against ground troops and armoured vehicles. In the lower photograph members of a South African squadron now serving in Korea are seen fusing the bombs ready for an operational flight over enemy positions. It was recently reported that the United States Far East Air Forces have inflicted nearly 100,000 casualties since the beginning of the Korean war and that over two-thirds of these casualties were in the three-month period ending on February 21.



FIXING FUSES TO NAPALM BOMBS AT AN AIR BASE IN KOREA: GROUND STAFF OF A SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE SQUADRON PREPARING A "HOT" DISH FOR COMMUNIST CONSUMPTION AMID THE WINTER SNOWS.

THE MOST DREADED WEAPON OF THE KOREAN WAR: PREPARING NAPALM BOMBS FOR OPERATIONAL USE.



## THE STORY OF THE EUROPEAN DÉGRINGOLADE.

"HITLER'S INTERPRETER. The Secret History of German Diplomacy 1935-1945": By DR. PAUL SCHMIDT. Edited by R.H.C. STEED.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

OF the books written about what was happening on "the other side of the hill" by men who were personally privy to those happenings, one hitherto has seemed to me outstanding, namely, Count Ciano's "Diaries." Dr. Schmidt's volume of recollections seems to me of equal interest and historical importance. The two books are very different in tone, temper and colour. Dr. Schmidt is a German, and was a Civil Servant. Ciano was an Italian and an impressionable and quick-witted adventurer. Ciano had responsibility and some influence over events; Dr. Schmidt had none; and, whatever errors he saw committed or disasters he saw looming ahead, he kept his opinions to himself, or guardedly hinted them to a few private friends. But the excited diarist and the cool official translator and reporter tell very much the same story of the European *dégringolade*, and give very similar accounts of the ambitious, the timid, the ignorant and the hampered men who hastened it or failed to avert it. And, oddly enough, it is Dr. Schmidt who gives the impression of being more a "citizen of the world"; this country he certainly understood, though none of his masters—least of all Ribbentrop, who spent a long time here when he was young—had the faintest conception of England and her ways of going on politically.

In a way one can hardly blame for that. Men with a knowledge of history ought to be aware by now that England has for centuries been peace-loving and slow to face the fact of danger. Even before our Governments were cramped by the control of a vast and largely ignorant and gullible electorate we were so peacefully inclined (the Duke of Marlborough commented on it) that foreigners never believed we would fight until we were actually in the field. And in our time, as older people will remember, the menace of Bismarck's Germany and the Kaiser's Navy was allowed, in spite of various exasperated Cassandras, to grow until a World War could no longer be avoided, and between the two wars retreat after retreat persuaded a new generation of foreigners that we were no longer capable of self-assertion or resistance.

The sedate Dr. Schmidt, hurrying hither and thither with Hitler or Ribbentrop, was present at most of the conferences and privy to most of the mental reactions to events. Stresa, it seemed, with its agreement "to oppose with all suitable means any unilateral denunciation of treaties" was a cold douche to the Germans. They didn't know that the British Foreign Minister had said that he was not in a position to consider the imposition of sanctions against a treaty-breaker (which meant that the joint resolution was a hollow sham) and "at the time only the optimists amongst us guessed that the common front against us was so flimsy." The others were soon reassured when Britain dismayed the world by a separate naval agreement with Germany. "Ribbentrop made a triumphant return to Germany as 'a great statesman.' Hitler especially regarded him as a skilful diplomat after this sensational success, while the rest of the world rubbed its eyes at what the German 'Special Ambassador and Commissioner for Armaments Questions' had achieved in England. The French sent the English an unfriendly Note. 'A question which affects all the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles has been treated more or less as a private matter between Germany and Great Britain. . . . France reserves her freedom of action in naval matters,' Laval wrote angrily to the British Foreign Minister. Even Italy handed in a critical Note. Eden was sent to soothe feelings in Paris. Hitler seemed to have won all along the line." A far greater victory came to him when he sent his troops into the Rhineland. "More than once, even during the war," says Dr. Schmidt, "I heard Hitler say: 'The forty-eight hours after the march into the Rhineland were the most nerve-racking in my life.' He always added: 'If the French had then marched into the Rhineland, we should have had to withdraw with our tails between our legs, for the military resources at our disposal would have been wholly inadequate

for even a moderate resistance.' " The resistance had not to be met: Hitler was saved from discredit and possibly suicide. On the contrary, Britain began trying to get an undertaking that, at least for a time, no fortifications should be set up in the Rhineland. "The astonishing change from condemnation to negotiation made me doubt more and more my own ability to judge the international situation. I felt rather foolish, along with my Foreign Office friends, when our confident predictions about the consequences of Hitler's action failed to come about. Hitler seems once more to have been proved right."



OFFICIAL INTERPRETER AT ALL THE MAJOR, AND MANY OF THE MINOR, DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCES BETWEEN THE WARS: DR. PAUL SCHMIDT, IN 1950. Photograph by W. J. Pellkan, Munich.



RIBBENTROP WITNESSES THE SIGNATURE OF THE POLISH FRONTIER TREATY IN 1939. MOLOTOV SIGNING (LEFT) AND STALIN LOOKING ON (STANDING NEXT TO RIBBENTROP). (Photograph by Wide World Photos.) Illustrations reproduced from the book, "Hitler's Interpreter: The Secret History of German Diplomacy, 1935-1945"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, William Heinemann Ltd.

Chamberlain told Flandin that "public opinion here would not support us in sanctions of any kind"; Mr. Churchill has said that if France had been equal to her task she would have immediately ordered general mobilisation, and thereby have compelled all the others to join her. This Dr. Schmidt knew nothing of. "I only remembered the voice of the French Premier Sarraut as I had heard it on my portable wireless just after the German march into the Rhineland, saying with great emotion: 'France will never negotiate as long as Strasbourg is within range of German guns.' I had heard the Council of the League pronounce the verdict 'Guilty,' and yet I was meeting Eden with Ribbentrop almost daily. The haggling at these negotiations had reached the point where a compromise was being unsuccessfully sought, on the basis of 'no fortifications, no staff talks.' But the 'guilty party' declined even to postpone the fortification of the Rhineland."

Chamberlain's view of "public opinion" reflected the dread which was shown by Mr. Baldwin when he explained the handling of the situation in the Fulham by-election. Concession and dither: Hitler was continually encouraged in his illusions, and his stream of English visitors did nothing to dispel them. There was, for example, Mr. Lloyd-George, who said at Berchtesgaden: "I deem myself lucky to meet the man who, after defeat, has united the whole German people behind him and led them to recovery." Afterwards, in response to a jocular "Heil Hitler," "the aged Lloyd George became quite serious and answered with quiet decision: 'Certainly, Heil Hitler! I say it too, for he is really a great man.' " Another Briton who sought an interview with this "great man" who had butchered hundreds, if not thousands, of people without warning or trial on the Night of Long Knives in 1934, was, of all people, George Lansbury, who felt that with the help of the "great man" World peace might be established. Dr. Schmidt draws a pathetically comic picture of that innocent old lamb haranguing an increasingly inattentive dictator. "Again and again he advanced his pacific plans with great enthusiasm and persistence. He seemed wholly unaware of Hitler's lack of interest, being obviously delighted with his replies, vague though they might be. He plainly regarded the man who sat there lost in dreams as one of the pacifist idealists whom he had so often met at international gatherings. The longer the conversation lasted, and the more monosyllabic Hitler became, the more did Lansbury warm to his theme. After all, not once had Hitler contradicted him. . . . What seemed to me extraordinary was that Lansbury left the Chancellery highly satisfied, and that his statements to the Press and on the wireless were very confident. 'I return to England,' he said 'with the conviction that the catastrophe of war will be avoided.' "

Austria followed; the Anschluss, so long talked of, was achieved. Mussolini had been acquired, having lost all faith in the ability of the English and French to support him against the men beyond the Alps, and, grown rather mad, set out on a successful defiance of his own. The bloodless battle of Munich was won, for all the promises to the Czechs. Next year Prague was occupied, and

Albania, and still the other side had done nothing but wag their heads and say that things were really getting serious. By the time that the arranged crisis with Poland came, can it be wondered at that Hitler said to Ciano, in "a sentence which still echoes in my ears": "I am unshakably convinced that neither England nor France will embark upon a general war." "I return to Rome," wrote Ciano in his Diary, "full of disgust with Germany, her Führer, and her conduct." But the "general war" was on: and, after keeping out of it until there seemed no option but to swim to the shore, and the wrong shore at that, Ciano's country was in it, ultimately having to extricate herself, much battered, and join the other side, because Hitler's "intuition" (much the same thing as the confidence of blackmailers and gunmen who are persuaded by experience that they can ever "get away with it" in a world of easy-going men) had at last heavily crashed.

So here we are now, in a world no less bewildering than before. In 1935,

Hitler said to Mr. Eden: "Between National Socialism and Bolshevism any association is completely out of the question." There is a picture here of Molotov signing, while Ribbentrop smiles complacently, and Stalin wears the "smile on the face of the tiger," the Russo-German Pact of 1939 which dissected Poland and secured Hitler's eastern frontier until such time as he, or his new ally, chose to make an attack in that quarter. At the moment, Russia is all over Eastern Europe, occupying part of Berlin and Vienna, openly announced by our statesmen to be our active enemy all over the world—and an extremely prominent and obstructive member of U.N.O., from which Spain, whose successful manoeuvres to keep out of the war (to Hitler's disgust) are here once more described, is still excluded. Open your mouth and shut your eyes.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 350 of this issue.

\* "Hitler's Interpreter." By Dr. Paul Schmidt. Edited by R. H. C. Steed. Illustrated. (Heinemann 15s.)





LEAVING THEIR LONDON HOME FOR THE ROYAL PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD, WITH HIS WIFE.

GUESTS AT A BRILLIANT ROYAL OCCASION—AN EVENING PARTY HELD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY THEIR MAJESTIES FOR MEMBERS OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE.



WEARING A GOWN OF WHITE TULLE ELABORATELY EMBROIDERED WITH RUBY-COLOURED STONES IN A LEAF PATTERN: SENORA RIVERKA SCHREIBER, WIFE OF THE PERUVIAN AMBASSADOR.



READY TO LEAVE FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: M. MASSIGLI, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, WITH HIS WIFE, WHO IS SEEN WEARING A STRIKING PALE-GREY BROCADE DRESS.



GUESTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.E. PHRA BAHIDDHA NUKARA, THE THAILAND AMBASSADOR, WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.



A COMMONWEALTH MINISTER WHO WAS A GUEST OF THEIR MAJESTIES: MR. ERIC J. HARRISON, THE AUSTRALIAN RESIDENT MINISTER TO LONDON, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER. MR. HARRISON ALSO HOLDS THE PORTFOLIO OF THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.



DANISH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: COUNT EDUARD REVENTLOW, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, MRS. SYBILLE BRUN.

A ROYAL occasion which recalled the splendour of such events in a more spacious age took place on February 22 when nearly 1,000 guests attended an evening party for the Diplomatic Corps, given by the King and Queen, at Buckingham Palace. Most of the Ambassadors and Ministers in London, and their ladies, were present. After the guests had been received in the Picture Gallery, the company moved to the white-and-gold State ballroom. There was no dancing, but a string band of the Grenadier Guards played during the evening. The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke

(Continued opposite.)

Continued.] and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Earl Mountbatten, moved from room to room, mingling with their guests. The Queen wore a silver satin brocade crinoline-type gown decorated with gold paillettes, a diamond tiara and necklace, and the blue sash of the Order of the Garter. Princess Elizabeth, also wearing the blue sash of the Garter, and Princess Margaret, were both in white oyster satin gowns. They, too, wore diamond tiaras and necklaces. The guests included the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, and members of the Cabinet, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Anthony Eden and Lord Salisbury.



# MECHANISED WAR IN THE PADDY-FIELDS: THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN INDO-CHINA.



GETTING A "CRAB" ON BOARD A LORRY: TROOPS OF THE FRENCH UNION LOADING UP ONE OF THESE LITTLE TRACKED VEHICLES FOR DUTY FURTHER UP THE LINE.



EQUALLY RELIABLE ON DRY GROUND, OVER THE PADDY-FIELDS AND IN WATER: NEWLY-ARRIVED ARMoured TRACKED VEHICLES IN USE FOR TROOP TRANSPORT.



NOW IN USE IN THE INDO-CHINA CAMPAIGN BY FRENCH UNION TROOPS: A "CRAB" (RIGHT) AND TWO OF THE LARGE NEW AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLES.



TRIED OUT IN COCHIN-CHINA WITH GREAT SUCCESS: ONE OF THE NEW HEAVILY-ARMoured TRACKED AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLES CRASHING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.



WATCHED WITH DELIGHT BY MEMBERS OF THE NATIVE POPULATION AND FRENCH UNION TROOPS: AN AMPHIBIOUS TROOP-CARRYING "ALLIGATOR" IN ACTION.

The energetic and skilful leadership of that great French commander, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, and his complete reorganisation of the French Union forces in Indo-China, have had an immediate and highly satisfactory result, and though the situation may still be regarded as dangerous, the threat to Hanoi has been removed, victories have been won and the troops are now in great heart. A number of armoured and amphibious tracked vehicles were recently received



HOW REBELS ARE FREQUENTLY SURPRISED IN JUNGLE HIDE-OUTS: A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH UNION FORCES DRIVING A "CRAB" THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH.

from the U.S.A. and are proving invaluable in fighting in thick jungle and on the swampy paddy-fields of the country. The small vehicle known as the "Crab" is of great use in surprising rebels in jungle hide-outs and is equally reliable in mud, water and undergrowth. The larger armoured tracked vehicles in use include the great amphibious "Alligator," which can carry twenty-five men on board, as shown in our photograph.



# THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA TRANSFORMED: TRENCH WARFARE IN NORTHERN TONKING.



FRENCH UNION TROOPS IN ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY OF TONKING: THE ROAD ALONG WHICH THEY ARE ADVANCING HAS BEEN CUT BY THE ENEMY.



TRENCH WARFARE IN NORTHERN TONKING: ENEMY MORTAR SHELLS EXPLODING IN FRONT OF THE LINE. FRENCH COUNTER-BATTERY FIRE OPENS IMMEDIATELY.



A—DRAMATIC FRONT-LINE PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE NORTHERN TONKING DELTA SECTOR: THE OBSERVATION-POST OF THE COL DES ANANAS HAS BEEN HIT BY A MORTAR SHELL AND THE FRENCH SOLDIER HAS HAD A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.



DIGGING IN ON THE TONKING DELTA FRONT, WHERE THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT HAS BEEN INTENSE: MEN OF THE FRENCH UNION FORCES CONSTRUCTING TRENCHES.

There has been a considerable change of late in the aspect of warfare in Indo-China. Owing to the intense use of artillery by the rebels in Northern Tonking, the French Union troops in the front line have been compelled to dig themselves in. Our photographs—some of the latest official pictures to reach this country—give an excellent idea of this new phase. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Indo-China since

last December, passed over to the offensive almost immediately after taking up his appointment, and by breaking an attack on Hanoi some weeks ago dissipated the threat to that key-point. On February 19 it was announced that an attack—possibly the precursor of another big offensive—had been broken in the southern part of the Red River delta. General de Lattre de Tassigny's genius for leadership was discussed by Captain Cyril Falls in our issue of February 24.



CHURCHILL, Roosevelt, Stalin: these were the dominating political figures of the late war on the side of the victors. The first two disappeared from the scene of international politics almost simultaneously, Churchill by loss of office, Roosevelt by death. The third passed into opposition and hostility to his former allies. The Briton and the American were men of vast stature. They made many mistakes and they were neither without their several defects. Yet they possessed the qualities required for leadership in the present day—imagination, personality, determination, courage, mastery of the spoken word, power to identify themselves with the ideals of their nations—to so high an extent that all men listened with respect to their pronouncements and that their achievement grows greater rather than less as we move further from their period of grandeur. The diligent historians of the future will pick holes here and there in their designs and find inconsistencies in their covenants, yet it is certain that history is reserving for them places among the greatest figures who adorn its gallery of statesmen. It is not without significance that Mr. Churchill, in opposition, is known by personality to millions of people off the beaten tracks of the world who do not know any other Briton even by name.

It may not be surprising that no one of the same calibre has appeared in either country, but it is astonishing that neither has produced one who would generally be placed even in the second rank. Highest among their successors I should be inclined to place General of the Army Marshall, a soldier who has held various appointments that would normally have been given to civilians, had there been any likely to hold them with success. He, however, while regarded with admiration and thoroughly trusted, is not a fount of inspiration. The United States, in her present position as leader of the free world, beset with the problems of organising it for defence while at the same time avoiding the provocative steps which might bring on rather than avert a third World War, has almost as much need to-day of a first-class statesman as during the late war. Yet her need is no greater than our own. We do not carry all the responsibilities of the United States, but we do bear more than her risks. At the same time, we are more intimately connected with continental Europe and in a better position to understand it. We also acquired in Western Europe extraordinary prestige in the course of the war, a prestige even greater than that of the United States, though she had played a far greater part in the victory.

I paid a long visit to Belgium towards the end of 1944. My first interest was military affairs; but, the country being largely clear of the enemy and its Government in nearly full working order, I found a good opportunity to study political affairs. The enthusiasm and affection for Britain and all things British were amazing. It was seriously suggested to me that a method should be sought of uniting the crowns and Parliaments of the two kingdoms. This was, so far as I could judge—and one of the foremost statesmen in Belgium afterwards sent me a message to the effect that I had hit the nail on the head—while possibly an impracticable idea, representative of many sections of opinion in the country. There was nothing quite corresponding to this warmth to be found in Holland and in France, but there was none the less a remarkable spirit of friendship and admiration. In other words, it seemed to me that there lay before us an opportunity to make our influence felt on the Continent, in the most honourable meaning of the phrase, and to obtain a true understanding of our views and our ideals such as had seldom come our way.

I do not pretend to know whether this opportunity was thrown on to the rubbish-heap, as certainly happened, because it was not realised, or because it was deliberately rejected by the party which has provided the British Government since 1945, or because it was distasteful to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Perhaps all three factors came into play in the tragedy, for such I consider it to have been. Some evidence exists that some members at least of the British Government were not unaware of the openings which lay before British policy but refused to avail themselves of them because they would not co-operate to the full with any European State which was not predominantly Socialist. As for Mr. Bevin, the country owes him gratitude for his firmness and courage, his patience and persistence; but he has seldom put a case with clear logic, and his imagination has never appeared to range beyond his immediate brief. Whenever a scheme has been put forward in Western Europe for increasing the solidarity of its States, the British part has been to throw water on the hot coals till the fire goes out in fetid smoke. Some of the schemes may have had faults and inconsistencies, but the criticism which they have received might at least have been more sympathetic. Customs Union, Schuman Plan, Council of Europe:

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN'S LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

with regard to all the attitude has been at worst refusal, at best that of

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,

the rest being the organs of publicity and opinion which have readily taken the hint. Now another question has come to the fore: that of a "European Army." I have already written about this subject, pointing out certain difficulties so far as was possible in view of the lack of information about details. The main obstacle seems to me to lie in international



FRENCH AND ITALIAN STATESMEN MEET AT SANTA MARGHERITA TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF FRANCO-ITALIAN CO-OPERATION: (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. RENÉ PLÉVEN (FRENCH PREMIER), SHAKING HANDS WITH SIGNOR DE GASPERI (ITALIAN PREMIER), AND M. SCHUMAN (FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER) SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS ITALIAN OPPOSITE NUMBER, COUNT SFORZA.

In his article on this page Captain Falls refers to the Franco-Italian talks in the second week in February at Santa Margherita; and he suggests that this and certain other moves "are signs of a move towards Continental leadership on the part of France to fill a vacuum left by our semi-isolationist spirit. . . . There seems no doubt that the policy of MM. Pléven and Schuman has drawn Italy closer to France and some reason to suppose that it has drawn France closer to the Republic of Western Germany. This is all to the good, but how much more happily and effectively could affairs have moved had Britain been able to take her natural place!"



MR. ERNEST BEVIN LEAVING LONDON ON FEBRUARY 19 FOR A CONVALESCENCE AT EASTBOURNE. THE PRIME MINISTER, WHILE NOT TECHNICALLY TAKING OVER HIS DUTIES, HAS BEEN DOING THE DAY-TO-DAY WORK THAT THE FOREIGN SECRETARY WOULD NORMALLY DO, EXCEPT IN SO FAR AS THE MINISTER OF STATE, MR. KENNETH YOUNGER, HAS, NO DOUBT, ASSUMED SOME ADDITIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

legality. Unless there exists a closer integration of power, with its corollary of a partial relaxation of national sovereignty, a European Army in the only sense that I can give to the words does not appear a practical proposition, so that it is perhaps to put the cart before the horse to attempt to create the second without securing the first to begin with. Even so, we might surely have approached the problem in a more friendly and helpful manner. Once again, we have given the impression that we are not interested

in closer co-operation with Western Europe, and consider this proposal absurd.

In the second week of February conversations took place between France and Italy, in the course of which this subject is known to have been discussed. As I write, a conference is being held in Paris, in which the United Kingdom is represented by an observer. I cannot avoid the view that these things are signs of a move towards Continental leadership on the part of France to fill a vacuum left by our semi-isolationist spirit. There is nothing to be said against French leadership; but British leadership would have been a stronger cement because, whereas France, Belgium, and Holland are now not likely to go separate ways in any case, there exists a danger that France and Britain may do so. A danger of that kind is also a danger to peace. If we are allowed peace, it is probable that an advance towards the Schuman Plan above all, and in lesser degree or more slowly towards a Customs Union and an effective Council of Europe, will take

place and that Britain will remain outside or only on the fringe. There seems no doubt that the policy of MM. Pléven and Schuman has drawn Italy closer to France and some reason to suppose that it has drawn France closer to the Republic of Western Germany. This is all to the good, but how much more happily and effectively could affairs have moved had Britain been able to take her natural place!

The Continental view that Britain to-day is selfish, shortsighted, doctrinaire, more interested in what is called the Welfare State than in the safety of Europe, leads not only to a weakening of Western Europe but even to a weakening of Britain herself. Loss of prestige has involved a slackening of sympathy, which only five years ago was so warm. It has entailed difficulty in getting the ear of foreigners for our own case even when this is admirable, because we have come to be suspected of ulterior motives. We have further contributed to the bad impression by framing a foreign policy—if it can be called such—almost purely in terms of negatives. We cannot do this because the Commonwealth—often used as an excuse with no justification—would object; we refuse to do that because it might let a foreigner put his nose into our steel industry; we object to the other because it would provide more food for our overfed citizens. Even M. Molotov, famous as he is for saying "no," hardly says it more often than our representatives. There is no move in international affairs that does not lie open to some objection if the critic is sufficiently grudging. Great statesmen would be more sympathetic. They would listen. Yet they would do far more. They would edify, prime, originate, indoctrinate, and inaugurate. They would make British ideas heard and, what is more, give them the first place.

It may be said that a rather similar fall in British stock took place after the First World War, but when the case is investigated it will be found that this was due to causes not existing to-day: first, because we conceived an unjustified but genuine nervousness about French power; secondly, because the Prime Minister of the day was inclined to take a line different from that of his Foreign Secretary, so that our policy became unreliable. To-day there is no fundamental difference to divide us from any State in Western Europe, and at the moment the Prime Minister is also, in effect, Foreign Secretary. It may also be noted that abandonment of prestige in the former case might be regarded as a whim which could not have the gravest consequences, since we then stood in no danger from any direction. Now we stand in acute danger. This is the time when we ought to take our place, with a high heart and encouraging words, in the foreground instead of, as is too often the case, muttering and grumbling in the background. This is by no means a personal impression only; I find it confirmed by a number of observers, both British and foreign.

One other consideration must be remembered. The United States believes that Britain, if attacked, would show more determination in self-defence than any other Western European nation. At the same time, however, there is perturbation about British aloofness. Were this to be considered as final and unchangeable, there is every prospect of Congress and people listening to the voices of Mr. Hoover and Taft, who speak of Western Europe as a broken reed and do not count upon the possibility of any defence, except perhaps that of the Pyrénées and the Channel. I can imagine no greater disaster for civilisation than such a development. It would be another opportunity thrown away. Perhaps the earlier ones of which I have spoken are irrecoverable, and it may be unfair to criticise humdrum men because they could not live up to the standards of the great. By now, however, the issues have become narrower and simpler; so much so that no flights of imagination are called for. It has become plain that Britain's military value as an ally will not be appreciated if she maintains her political and economic egotism and illiberality. Can her rulers not discern the obvious path?





SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE TO THE SWISS MILITARY BARRACKS BY THE AVALANCHES IN JANUARY: ANDERMATT (4,680 FT.), AT THE NORTH END OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL.



CLEARLY SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE AVALANCHES WHICH OVERWHELMED THE VILLAGE ON FEBRUARY 12: AIROLO (3,750 FT.), AT THE SOUTH END OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL.

THE SCENES OF AVALANCHE DISASTERS PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY: VIEWS OF ANDERMATT AND AIROLO.

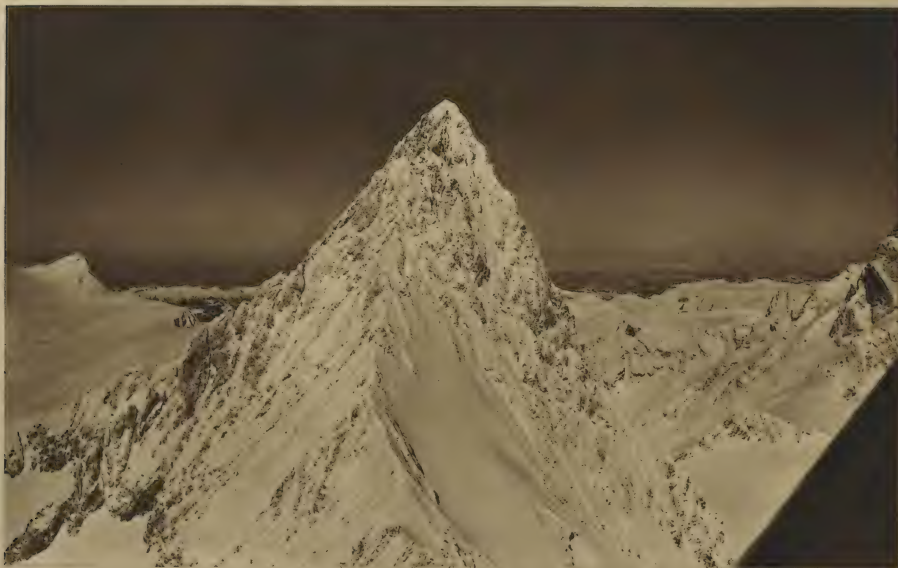
In March, 1949, and 1950 we published Alpine air views taken by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein from a training aircraft of the Swiss Air Force which showed him to be an amateur photographer of distinction. The photographs on this and the following pages were taken by the Field Marshal this year from a Messerschmitt 108 aircraft and are of the same high level of excellence. The avalanches which descended on Andermatt in January inflicted very great damage to the Swiss military camp built close to the hills in order that as much

ground as possible should be available for training. The avalanches swept away a continuous line of large barrack blocks across the east end of the camp and a large amount of valuable equipment was destroyed. This area can be clearly seen on the left of the photograph, as also can the path of the avalanche. The village of Airolo was overwhelmed by avalanches on February 12, and their path can be seen in the photograph. There were many deaths and eventually the population had to be evacuated. The photograph shows the deserted village.





TAKEN FROM A POINT ON THE RAILWAY NEAR MÜRREN: A VERY FINE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE EIGER (13,000 FT.); IN THE CENTRE THE MÖNCH (13,460 FT.); AND, ON RIGHT, THE LOWER SLOPES OF THE JUNGFRAU AND SCHWARZ MÖNCH.



TAKEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT FLYING AT 11,500 FT., LOOKING NORTH: THE FINSTERAARHORN (14,950 FT.), A MIGHTY PEAK ABOUT TEN MILES DUE EAST OF THE JUNGFRAU IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 11.30 A.M. ON FEBRUARY 16 BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.

# THE MAJESTY OF ALPINE PEAKS AS SEEN FROM THE GROUND AND FROM THE AIR: REMARKABLE

On these pages we reproduce further photographs (see pages 331, and 334-335) taken in Switzerland recently by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. Two were taken from the ground between 3 p.m. and 3.30 p.m. on February 2 from a point on the railway near Mürren, and two were taken at 11.30 a.m. on February 16

from a Messerschmitt 108 aircraft. The view of the Schreckhorn, with its background of mountain peaks, and the snow effect in the foreground of the photograph of the Eiger and the Mönch, are particularly fine. A stop of F/8 was used for both these photographs, and an exposure of 1/100th sec. The



A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF ALPINE PEAKS AS SEEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT: ONE OF THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY FROM A MESSERSCHMITT 108; SHOWING THE SCHRECKHORN (13,400 FT.), FROM THE SOUTH-EAST IN THE FOREGROUND; AND (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND); THE LAUTERAARHORN.



TAKEN FROM A POINT ON THE RAILWAY NEAR MÜRREN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE JUNGFRAU (13,650 FT.), IN WHICH THE EXTREME SUMMIT CAN BE SEEN, WITH THE SILBERHORN JUST TO THE RIGHT. THE MASSIF OF THIS MIGHTY MOUNTAIN IS SHOWN HERE TO ITS BEST ADVANTAGE.

# MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.

photograph of the Jungfrau was taken when the sun was setting, but had not yet gone down below the mountains, and the Field Marshal used a stop of F/5.6. The Finsteraarhorn was the scene of what has been described as "one of the fiercest two-day battles that has ever been fought in the Alps," when Miss

Gertrude Bell attempted to climb its north face with two guides. She failed, but descended with every mountaineering honour except that of having reached the summit. The north face is the right-hand ridge seen in the photograph. The Messerschmitt 108 is used by the Swiss Air Force for communication purposes.





A GREAT SOLDIER LOOKS ON THE GRANDEUR OF THE ALPS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EIGER, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, TAKEN FROM THE GROUND BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY.

Here and on other pages in this issue we reproduce photographs taken from the air and on the ground by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, whose magnificent photographs of Alpine scenery are already well known to our readers. This

example of his skill with the camera was taken on January 29 from the ground and shows on the right the lower slopes of the Schwarz Monch (Black Monk), with the Eiger (13,000 ft.) beyond, and on the left the

Kleine Scheidegg Pass. At the foot of the black north face of the Eiger can be seen the buildings of the Eigergletscher Station. The Field Marshal took the photographs with a Voigtlander camera, giving a 6 x 9 cm. negative, on

Plus-X, fast, fine-grain Panchromatic film. A filter was used for all exposures. The photograph reproduced above was taken at 3 p.m. in Föhn conditions of sun, using the F/8 stop and an exposure of 1/50th sec.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONE of the most promising and encouraging sights in my garden at this unpromising and discouraging time of year is a plant with the lovely and lilting name of *Pæonia*

*mlokosewitchii*—hereinafter to be called "Mloko." There are twelve great clumps of "Mloko," planted at the foot of a wall facing west, so that they shall avoid early-morning sun. Each clump has pushed up a couple of dozen or so fat three-inch shoots, red and raw like Marion's nose, and much more shiny. They look as though they had been varnished.

This is promise indeed, for by early summer each of these shoots will have developed a 2-ft. stem carrying handsome spreading leaves and a glorious cup-shaped blossom, primrose-yellow, delicately fragrant, and as large as my cupped hand. They suggest gigantic Globe flowers, *Trollius*. Nor is that all. The flowers will be followed by seed vessels, each consisting of three fat carpels, rather like short, velvety pea-pods, which will split open and display a row of big, blue-black, highly-polished seeds, lying in a bed of scarlet satin.

"Mloko" was discovered by G. Mlokosewitch near the village of Lagodekhi, in Eastern Central Caucasus, in 1900. My own plants were raised from seeds—a great bag of them—sent to me some ten years ago by the American pæony king, Professor A. P. Saunders, of Clinton University, N.Y., U.S.A.—a truly noble gift. The bulk of the seedlings were distributed from Stevenage, but the dozen which I now have migrated with me to the Cotswolds four years ago. "Mloko" is undoubtedly the finest of the yellow pæonies, and perhaps the most beautiful of all the species. It is, moreover, a good garden plant, easy to grow and absolutely hardy.

The earliest pæony to flower in my garden is *P. cambessedesii*. It comes just a little earlier than "Mloko," and is dwarfer. The very glossy leaves are purple on the underside, and the flowers, carried on red stems, are deep pink. *P. cambessedesii* was one of the endemics that I wanted to see—and did see—when I went a-hunting in Majorca in 1926. My finest specimen, still flourishing in my garden, is a sturdy clump which flowers and seeds regularly every year. For some odd reason it never fails to raise a smile—incredulous, ironical or sometimes suspicious—when I tell visitors that this particular plant was given to me by a barmaid in a monastery. But it was. My wife and I spent several days at an enchanting little monastery, high up in the mountains of Majorca. The monastery restaurant-cum-bar opened on to a small patio garden, full of plants in pots and tubs and sawn-off paraffin tins. It was the pride and joy of the waitress-barmaid's life. In one paraffin tin was a fine specimen of the Majorcan pæony, which the barmaid—generous soul—gave to me. Never was such an awkward piece of luggage to bring home across Europe! Angular, vile to handle, immensely heavy, and the cause of endless suspicion among railway and Customs officials. At times we wished we had brought the barmaid instead. But the plant was worth all tribulations, and in the end a portion of it went to Professor Saunders.

*Pæonia woodwardi* is a good deal smaller than *P. cambessedesii*, a light and graceful thing, easy to grow and to raise from seed, with pretty little pink flowers which are excellent for cutting.

*Pæonia lutea* is a disappointing plant. A tree pæony with bright yellow flowers sounds good. But

### A FEW PÆONIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

*lutea*'s flowers are small, and hang, weakly nodding, hidden among the leaves. But *P. lutea*, Sherriff's Variety, a fairly recent introduction, is said to be a really fine thing, with large yellow blossoms which stand up and look you in the face. My own only specimen of Sherriff's *P. lutea* is still too young and small to flower.

The Chinese hybrid tree pæonies with their huge, rose-like blossoms, single or double, white, pink, cherry-red, crimson or purple, are perhaps the most superb and sumptuous of all hardy flowers. In choosing varieties it is wisest to see them actually in flower. As described in catalogues, each one is lovelier

hybrid tree pæonies are descended.

The type *P. suffruticosa* which we have to-day came, like my *P. cambessedesii*, from a monastery, or rather a lamasery. Colonel F. C. Stern, who gave me my specimen, tells the story of the introduction of *suffruticosa* to American and European gardens in his monograph, "A Study of the Genus *Pæonia*." Dr. Rock, the American plant collector, got the original seeds from plants growing in the court of the Yamen of the Choni Lamasery, in south-west Kansu. He occupied the Yamen for about a year. The Lamas told Dr.

Rock that the plant came from Kansu, though he never discovered it in a wild state. In 1928 the Lamasery was entirely destroyed by fire, and the Lamas all killed, by the Mohammedans. It is pleasant to learn that later seeds of the pæony were sent out by Dr. Rock to replace the plants destroyed in the Lamasery at Choni. *Pæonia suffruticosa* grows into a large bush, and its flowers, which are very large indeed, are white, with a handsome crimson blotch at the base of each petal.

The hybrid Chinese herbaceous pæonies, like the Chinese tree hybrids, are best selected at sight rather than from catalogue descriptions. Who would think of choosing cloth for a suit from a tailor's description? Forty years ago, when I was starting my nursery at Stevenage, I visited a famous nursery that specialised in the Chinese herbaceous pæonies. I went when the plants were in flower, and whilst I was selecting some eighteen varieties I asked the foreman in charge not to mention either the price, rarity or newness of any. I wished to judge with a mind entirely unbiassed by anything but my own likes—cost what it might. I wanted to start with the best. It was a sad day in 1939 when I had about half an acre of those pæonies dug up and stacked into a great compost heap, to nourish plants with more nourishing and palatable roots. It would have been more bitter still had I waited to be told—or ordered—to do so.

The best time to move pæonies is in September. They like strong loam and they like dung. The early-flowering sorts, and especially the tree pæonies, are best given a position where they are shaded from early-morning sun, for sunshine falling on young leaves and buds that are rimed with late hoar frost will ruin the flowering for that season. Although September

is the best time for planting, I would accept (and move, then and there,) the offer of a gift herbaceous pæony at any time of year, even if the plant were in full growth. You never know. If you wait until autumn the giver might die. But the pæony won't, if you transplant it carefully and give it suitable after-care—shading and watering. I know, because I have done it more than once. It may look a wreck for the rest of the summer, but it will come up smiling next spring, thanks to its thick, fleshy roots.

Raising pæonies from seeds is a slow business, but well worth while. They take a year to germinate and another two or three years to reach flowering strength. But it is easier to beg seeds from friends than to buy, for few seedsmen offer them. I sow my pæony seeds a good inch deep in rather large pots, and let them stand about in a shady place, and plant out the youngsters a year after germinating. No one need hesitate to ask a friend for a few pæony seeds, but asking for a chunk of root is another matter.



THE LOVELY MAJORCAN PÆONY—*PÆONIA CAMBESSEDESII*. "THIS PARTICULAR PLANT," WRITES MR. ELLIOTT, "WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A BARMAID IN A MONASTERY." "THE VERY GLOSSY LEAVES ARE PURPLE ON THE UNDERSIDE, AND THE FLOWERS, CARRIED ON RED STEMS, ARE DEEP PINK." FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JOHN NASH, A.R.A.

than the last—which, in fact, is true—but bewildering. They are expensive to buy, so that one may as well go to the trouble of securing those which one likes best, and leave the nurseryman to his own favourites.

To my regret, I only possess five tree pæonies, one of which is Sherriff's form of *P. lutea*. Another is *P. delavayi*, with rather small, cup-shaped flowers of a deep maroon red with golden centres. Last spring the plant had three stems 1 ft. high, but during the summer they suddenly decided to grow, and ran up to 4 and 5 ft., with extremely handsome glaucous foliage. So beautiful are the great leaves, that *delavayi* is worth growing purely as a foliage plant. In the same border are two Chinese tree pæonies, hybrids, raised from seeds sent to me by Professor A. P. Saunders. Both have big, semi-single flowers, one of them pure white, and the other white with the palest flush of pink. But the pæony which I value and admire most is a solitary specimen of *Pæonia suffruticosa*, the species from which all the lovely

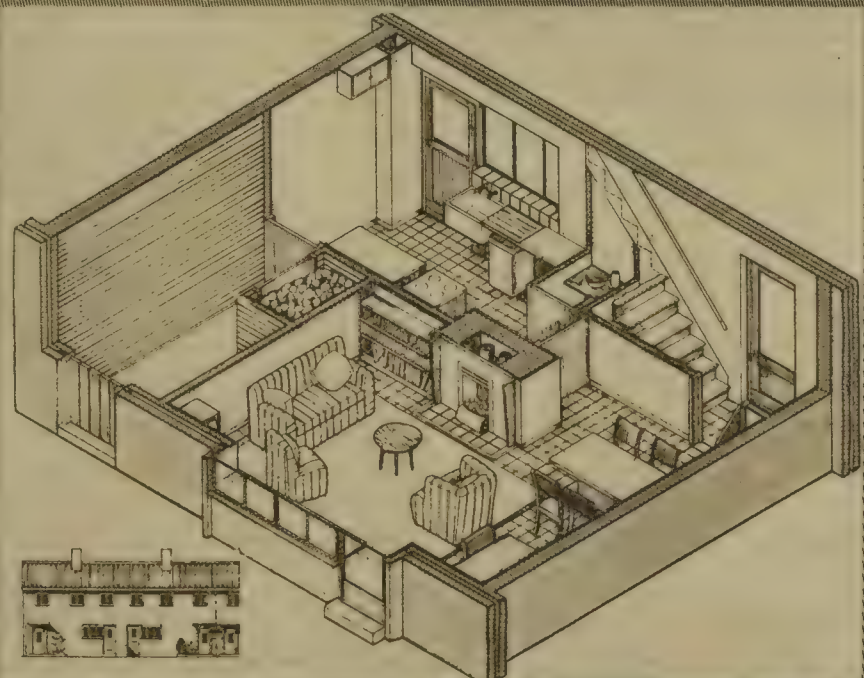


# THE LOW-COST HOUSE PROBLEM: A MODEL AND DRAWINGS OF A PRIZE-WINNING £950 DESIGN, FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE.

THE problem of providing low-cost houses in this country is urgent and unfortunately exceedingly difficult to solve. Thus the result of the Architectural Competition organised in November, 1950, by *The Builder* is of unusual interest. It was for designs for a terrace house to accommodate a family of five, and to cost not more than £1000. A model of the winning design (£250 prize), by J. L. Womersley, A.R.I.B.A., A.M.P.T.I., and G. Hopkinson, B.Arch., A.R.I.B.A., A.M.P.T.I. (Borough Architect and Deputy Borough Architect respectively to Northampton County Borough), and the whole of the 322 designs submitted were exhibited at the County Hall, Westminster, from February 19-24. The winning design has a floor area of 781 sq. ft., a capital cost (exclusive of cost of land and road charges) of £950, and a rental (inclusive of subsidies but exclusive of rates and supervision) of 11s. 3d. In order to avoid the "tunnel entrance" there are two "front" doors, and

[Continued below.]

SHOWING THE GROUND FLOOR (RIGHT), WITH LOBBY, LIVING-ROOM, KITCHEN, STORE AND COAL-BUNKER; AND UPPER FLOOR WITH BATHROOM, AND THREE BEDROOMS: A MODEL OF THE DESIGN AWARDED FIRST PRIZE IN AN UNDER-£1000 HOUSE-DESIGN COMPETITION.



WITH THE FRONT ELEVATION INSET: A CUT-AWAY DRAWING OF THE GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE WINNING DESIGN FROM REAR.

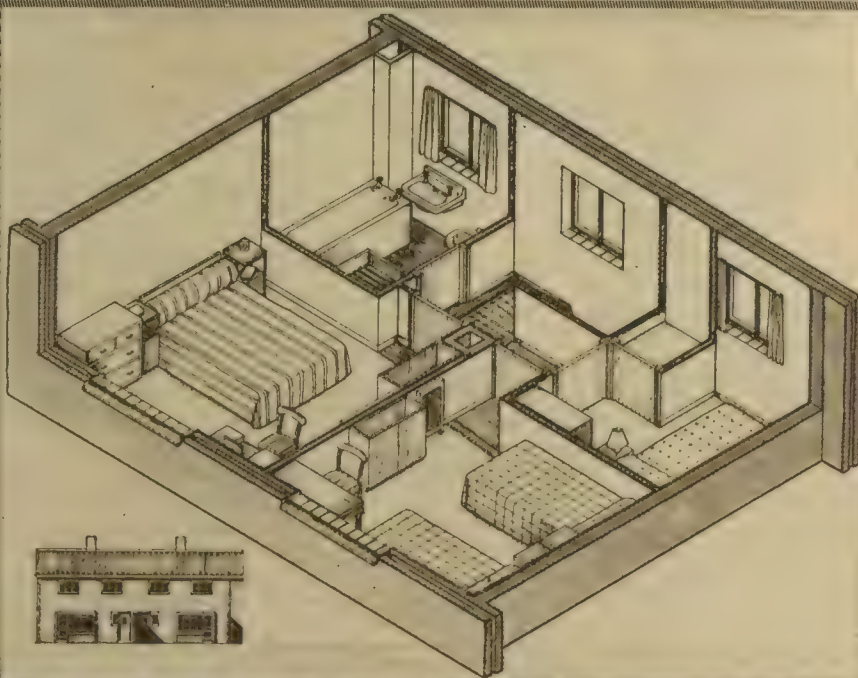
[Continued.]

a small lobby with space for cloaks takes the place of the traditional "hall." There is storage-space and a coal-bunker behind the kitchen. The Ideal Neo-fire or similar appliance, in addition to heating the living-dining-room, heats the water for bathroom, kitchen, radiators on landing and in bedroom 2, and a towel-rail in bathroom. The construction is traditional, walls of load-bearing brickwork, the external walls 11-in. cavity and party walls 9 ins. solid, partitions of hollow clay blocks 3 ins. in thickness, ground floor of 4-in. solid concrete on 4-in. hardcore, and roof of timber covered with sand-faced clay pantiles on

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.)

EXHIBITED AT THE COUNTY HALL: THE MODEL OF A BLOCK OF FOUR OF THE PRIZE-WINNING £950 HOUSES, FROM REAR.



WITH THE REAR ELEVATION INSET: A CUT-AWAY DRAWING OF THE FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE WINNING DESIGN FROM REAR.

[Continued.]

reinforced roofing felt. The authors are interested in the Girdwood Report and have taken advantage of proposals contained in it. They have collaborated with a building contractor who carries out a considerable house-building programme in the vicinity and possess a signed letter from him stating that, subject to approval of the Ministry of Health, he is willing to build fifty houses of the type submitted based on costs ruling at December 31, 1950, for the figure certified by the quantity surveyor, and that he is prepared to erect a row of four of such houses on his own land for demonstration purposes. The temptation to reduce costs by using poor-quality internal finishing materials has been resisted, particularly with regard to floor finishes. The store includes a shelf the length of the long wall and a clothes airer.







ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE TAKEN OF A LIVING CAHOW: THE PIGEON-SIZED GREY-AND-WHITE PETREL, HELD BY DR. ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY.



GENERALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR THE LAST 300 YEARS: A LIVE SPECIMEN OF THE CAHOW WITH ITS CO-DISCOVERERS, DR. MURPHY AND MR. LOUIS MOWBRAY (LEFT).

The cahow, a petrel endemic to Bermuda, and so named from the sound of its call, was to be found in its thousands when the first settlers arrived in 1609. An extremely tame bird, the cahow could be caught easily, and as a result hundreds were killed by the early Colonists who faced famine conditions. Within a few years the cahow had dwindled in numbers and disappeared and it was

generally believed that the bird had been extinct since the early seventeenth century. In February, 1906, Mr. Louis L. Mowbray succeeded in catching a living cahow on one of the islands, but it died shortly afterwards and is now in the American Museum of Natural History as a type specimen. In the second edition, 1934, of F. M. Chapman's "Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America," the

(Continued above, left)

PROBABLY THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF A LIVING CAHOW: SCIENTISTS ESTABLISH THE



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE CAHOW'S LONG WINGS: DR. MURPHY AND MR. LOUIS MOWBRAY (LEFT) HANDLING A LIVE SPECIMEN.

(Continued) cahow is described as "probably now extinct." On January 28 this year, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, Curator of Birds at the Museum of Natural History in New York, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Louis Mowbray, Curator of the Bermuda Aquarium and Museum, and a fifteen-year-old Bermudian naturalist, David Wingate, discovered the nesting-places of the cahow among the rocky crevices on three of Bermuda's small, uninhabited islands. The party caught and photographed three birds, which were released after they had been ringed with a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service band, and altogether fourteen burrows occupied by cahows were located. The bird is about the size of a pigeon, only with much longer wings, and has large brown eyes. The feet and legs are pink and it is greyish-brown on top and has a white under-belly. Its eyes are ringed by black feathers and the curved beak is black. The cahow probably stays out in the open ocean for a period of seven to eight months in the year and then returns to dry land for its 40-day hatching period. Dr. Murphy states that after being hatched the young are fed for about three months and then are left to their own devices until, about fifteen days after being left alone and living on their own fat, they develop the urge to go out to sea. By June the birds have probably left the land. Dr. Murphy has pointed out that the prevalence of the black rat on the islets where cahows have been found constitutes a great menace to the rare birds, and has suggested that a rat extermination programme be undertaken to safeguard them.



A CHARMING, PINK-LEGGED BIRD, GREYISH-BROWN ON TOP AND WHITE BENEATH, WITH LARGE BROWN EYES RINGED BY BLACK FEATHERS, AND HAVING A BLACK, CURVED BEAK: THE RARE BERMUDA CAHOW IN THE HANDS OF MRS. ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY.

EXISTENCE OF A RARE OCEANIC BIRD WIDELY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR 300 YEARS.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE COMMON AND THE GOLDEN HAMSTER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN my boyhood popular pets included guinea-pigs, white mice and, with a more utilitarian purpose, ferrets. To-day the golden hamster has become an almost universal favourite and, as many children (and their parents) would probably like to know a little more about this most attractive animal, I have made it the subject of this article, but must confess

In October, the hamster closes the entrances and exits to its burrow with earth. It does not hibernate in the true sense of the word, but spends the time sleepily, feeding at intervals on the food stored up in summer. The hamster, when fully grown, is

of 8 ft. These were taken from Syria to Jerusalem and kept in captivity. The next year some of these were brought to England, where they became quickly popular as pets. And since they breed rapidly, their popularity grew as more became available.

It surely is one of the more romantic stories in natural history that an animal should have become so numerous, so popular as a pet, and used so abundantly in laboratory experiments, and yet have been seen in the wild state on three occasions only. In fact, if the third find had not included a mother and her young ones, we should probably never have heard of the golden hamster outside the pages of the scientific books. The fact that, like the common hamster, it breeds rapidly, has, of course, made these things possible. Its period of gestation is only fifteen days, and a young hamster becomes adult in eleven weeks. The litters of the golden hamster are as numerous as, and not less frequent than, those of the common hamster. Unlike the latter, the golden hamster takes readily to captivity—and I, personally, have not heard of one squirting the contents of cheek-pouches at anyone. Perhaps it cannot, since the usual method of emptying the cheek-pouches is by pressing the paws forward against the cheeks.

Many of the smaller rodents, and other of the smaller mammals too, have a high birth-rate, like the hamsters. It is usual where there is a high birth-rate that the life of any one individual is short. The golden hamster reaches old age in about two years and a half.

No doubt my readers will have wondered why the golden hamster gets its name. It is, of course, smaller than the common hamster, being little more than half as long, and the colouring of the two does not differ very much except that it is white on the under-side instead of black. It is slightly less grey than the common hamster, but the first written description of it, in 1840, refers to "its deep golden yellow colouring." From this it would seem that this first



LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE ONE OF BEATRIX POTTER'S CREATIONS OF PEN AND BRUSH! GOLDEN HAMSTERS (*MESOCRICETUS AURATUS*), WHICH WERE INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND IN 1931, AND HAVE NOW BECOME POPULAR PETS. Although our photograph shows several golden hamsters in a cage, on the whole they prefer a solitary existence, and are apt to fight if several are kept together. The female is usually the more aggressive, and even when paired the two partners tend to keep to opposite corners of the cage.

that our knowledge of its life in the wild is not very extensive. Perhaps we should start with the common hamster, partly because it offers us such a striking contrast with the golden hamster, and partly because the two are often confused.

The common hamster belongs to that large order of small animals known as the rodents, which includes rats and mice, lemmings and voles, porcupines and beavers, and many others. Its nearest relatives are the voles, of which the water-rat is our best-known example. East of the Rhine in Europe, and in Northern Asia, this hamster is found in large numbers. It lives underground, making its living-chambers and tunnels. The adult males and females each have their own separate burrows, and so does each young one. Each burrow consists of a living-chamber, with the walls beautifully smoothed off and the floor covered with straw. From the living-chamber a long tunnel leads to a granary, or food store, where food is stored for use in winter. The older hamsters usually have several such granaries each, and they spend all the summer stocking them. For this, and for other reasons, hamsters are apt to be a pest. To begin with, they are mainly vegetarians, feeding especially on grain, and on vegetables, such as carrot and potato. They will also eat small animals, such as insects, lizards and the like, but vegetable matter is their staple food. Invading cultivated ground, they eat their fill, and also fill two capacious pouches in their cheeks to take away and eat at their leisure or add to the store in the granary.

When we remember that each adult female will have in May a litter of six to eighteen young ones, and probably a second litter in July, it is easy to see that the damage they can do to crops may be considerable. As might be expected, they have many enemies, and are preyed upon by buzzards, ravens, owls, stoats, polecats and other animals and birds of prey. There is, however, one thing to be said in their favour—that they keep their burrows scrupulously clean. Indeed, to find rubbish in a hamster burrow shows at once that it is no longer occupied.

10 to 11 ins. long, with a very short tail, short legs and a blunt muzzle. Its coat of short, coarse hair is variegated in colour, a tawny-grey on the back and sides, and black on the under-side. On the sides also are large white or creamy-white patches, and on the head are patches of red or chestnut. The animal is often killed for its skin, which is used to make linings for overcoats.

The common hamster, in spite of its pretty appearance and ways, does not do well in captivity, and so is not seen in this country as a pet, and is rarely seen in zoos. It is pugnacious, too, and is said to squirt the contents of its cheek-pouches at anything, or anybody, that disturbs it.

The story of the golden hamster is, in many ways, a very different one, although the two animals are fairly closely related. To begin with, as I mentioned before, very little is known about it in the wild, although we are so familiar with it as a pet; and for a very good reason. It was unknown until 1839, when one was seen in Syria. Nothing more was heard of it until the beginning of the present century, when another one was caught. Then nothing more was heard of it until 1930, when a female with twelve young ones was dug out of the ground from a depth



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SOON BECOMING TAME IN CAPTIVITY AND, UNLIKE MOST OTHER HAMSTERS, EASILY HANDLED: A GOLDEN HAMSTER, AN ANIMAL WHICH HAS ONLY BEEN SEEN IN THE WILD STATE ON THREE OCCASIONS.

Photographs by Douglas Fisher.

specimen to be seen must have been much more golden in colour than is usual.

One thing worth remembering is this. The golden hamster is a burrowing animal and, like all burrowing animals, used to breathing moist air. When kept in a cage, in a much drier air, it needs more to drink.



# "FLIPPY," THE DOCILE DOLPHIN: A STRANGE TRIUMPH OF ANIMAL TRAINING.



GOING THROUGH THE HOOP: *FLIPPY*, THE DOCILE DOLPHIN, AT "MARINELAND," FLORIDA, LEAPING AT THE TRAINER'S COMMAND.



ON THE TRAINER'S COMMAND, *FLIPPY* RACES ACROSS THE POOL AND SPRINGS OUT OF THE WATER TO RING THE BELL WITH HIS MOUTH.



TRAINING A DOLPHIN TO ACT AS A "GUNDOG": *FLIPPY* HAS RETRIEVED A STICK THROWN FOR HIM AND BRINGS IT BACK TO THE HAND OF HIS TRAINER, MR. ADOLF FROHN.

AT the celebrated marine aquaria of "Marineland," in Florida, a series of experiments have recently been conducted in an attempt to determine the degree of intelligence and docility in dolphins. Mr. Adolf Frohn, the trainer, has succeeded in teaching *Flippy*, a bottle-nosed dolphin, to do a number of tricks at his command or signal, such as jumping through a hoop, retrieving a stick—the value of this in wildfowling is obvious—or ringing a bell, as shown above. Whether by the use of music he will be able, like the Greek poet Arion, to train *Flippy* as his marine transport, remains to be seen. The Bottle-nosed Dolphin (*Tursiops truncatus*) is common in the Atlantic, especially on the U.S. Atlantic coast, where it is, somewhat confusingly, known as the Common Porpoise, a name reserved in this country for *Phocaena phocaena*. Its average adult length is between 11 and 12 ft.; it has a prominent fin in the middle of its back, and is black or grey above, with a white belly.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ERUDITION AND WISDOM.

By FRANK DAVIS.\*

George P." on May 29 (the year is not stated), the anniversary of the Restoration.

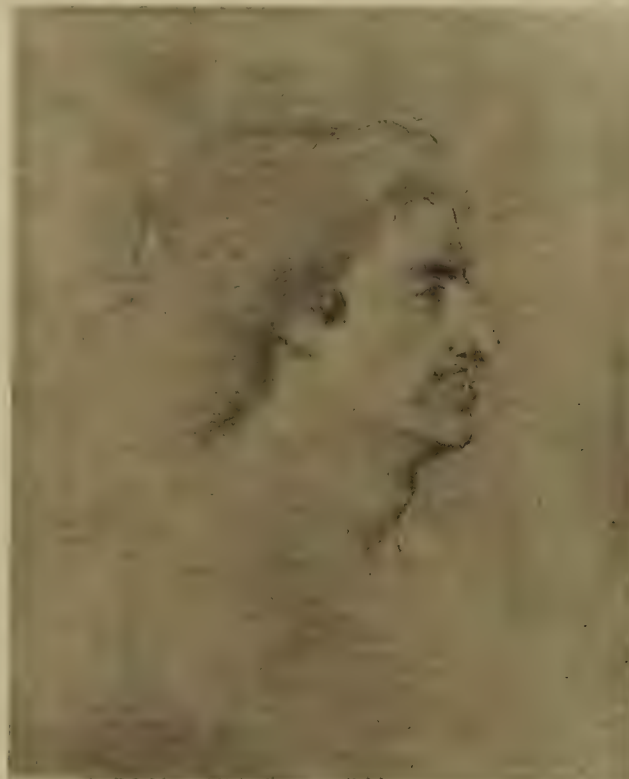
Among many famous names are several unknowns—or nearly unknowns—one of them a shadowy personality whom the gods endowed with one small precious talent—the ability to set down on paper in water-colour exquisite little portraits (I use the word deliberately) of flowers, fruit-sprays, etc. I doubt whether more than a few dozen people ever heard

Hogarth is nobly represented, and when one sees his drawings here among the works of so many able men, but not all men of consummate ability, one wonders yet again at the blindness of the vast majority of his contemporaries in not recognising instantly that they had living in their midst a demigod, for who, among Englishmen between 1730 and 1750, could compare with him? There is the drawing of "Falstaff Examining His Recruits," and a scene from "The Beggar's Opera," both about 1730. The latter can be dated with accuracy, for "The Beggar's Opera" was produced in 1728 and this is a spirited sketch for the earlier version of the well-known oil painting. Even finer to some eyes is the vivid drawing made by Hogarth for the wood-cut which appeared at the head of Fielding's weekly newspaper, *The Jacobites' Journal*, the first number of which appeared in 1747.

The interest taken in art by George III. and his family requires no comment at this time of day. If additional evidence were required, it is provided by the first three pages of this catalogue, wherein are listed drawings by the King himself, Queen Charlotte and their children. The King is represented by many classical compositions, while the Princess Royal evidently preferred flowers. One of three by the Duke of Kent was exhibited at the show of Alexander Cozens' drawings at Sheffield and at the Tate Gallery in 1946 as an example of his method of teaching. Cozens was instructor to the young Princes. Some are inscribed—e.g., "His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick, aged 6 years and 3. A view of a Farm near Windsor." The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., whose reputation as a man may be subject to criticism but whose interest in pictures and drawings was genuine, added largely to the collection, and would surely have added more, for Mr. Oppé reminds us that "despite the memory of earlier extravagances King George IV. would have accepted the generous terms offered by Sir Thomas Lawrence in his will, had it become effective before his final illness and death. As it is, there is no record that the matter was even placed before his successor, William IV. . . . Had the collection [i.e., Lawrence's collection of drawings] been purchased by the King it would, apart from the wealth of Old Masters, have enriched

WHEN one hears "Windsor Drawings" referred to in conversation, most people automatically call to mind the wonderful series of portraits by Holbein which his Majesty the King lent to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. They will probably remember certain Italian drawings—notably by Leonardo and Canaletto—and will then decide to look up the subject before expressing an opinion. They will then discover that the Royal Library contains a vast range of prints and drawings in addition to these famous examples and that it ranks among the finest collections in the world. Various sections have been the subject of separate studies in catalogues published by The Phaidon Press; more are promised, and the latest, "English Drawings, Stuart and Georgian Periods, in the Collection of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle," is devoted to English drawings by artists who were born before 1785, or who died before 1830. This volume is by Mr. A. Paul Oppé, and follows a previous catalogue by the same authority on the drawings by Paul and Thomas Sandby. It is not necessary to add that the work is a model of precise and sensitive scholarship.

I venture to remind readers who expect every book about art to be constructed as a continuous narrative that a catalogue cannot be presented to the world in the form of an entertaining novel. It is a series of statements of fact, with appropriate comments, a reference book, a dictionary, into which one can delve for information; if, as in this and others of the series, one finds both erudition and wisdom, that is all one can possibly demand. I turn the pages haphazard. A drawing by Samuel Cooper of King Charles II. (Plate 1 in the volume) is well known and for that reason perhaps is taken for granted by many of us. Seeing it again—the reproductions, by the way, are of the standard we expect from Phaidon—I am surprised once more by its excellence as a portrait, at once forthright and sensitive, in spite of its official nature, for it was



"KING CHARLES II."; BY SAMUEL COOPER (1609-1672), RED AND BLACK CHALK ON BROWN PAPER. A PORTRAIT MADE FOR HIS INAUGURATION MEDAL. (6½ INS. BY 5½ INS.)

This drawing, originally made for the King's Inauguration Medal, is "at once forthright and sensitive, in spite of its official nature."

The illustrations on this page, which are reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King, are from the book "English Drawings at Windsor Castle," published by The Phaidon Press.



"STRAWBERRIES"; BY ALEXANDER MARSHAL (FL. 1660-1690). AN EXQUISITE LITTLE "PORTRAIT" OF A SPRAY OF LEAVES AND FRUIT.

Two volumes containing, on guards, 159 folio sheets of flower and fruit drawings in water-colour and gouache by Alexander Marshal are in the Royal Collection. A note at the beginning of Volume 1. states that "the work was painted about the year 1660 by Marshal, the most esteemed painter of natural history at that time . . ."

drawn originally, according to a note by the younger Richardson, for the King's Inauguration Medal.

Samuel Cooper's method of working is described by Evelyn in his diary for January 10, 1662. "Being called into His M's closet when Mr. Cooper, ye rare limner, was crayoning of the King's face and head to make stamps for the new milled money now contriving I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candlelight for the better finding out of shadows." The portrait was presented to George III. by "his dutiful son,

of Alexander Marshal, who flourished 1660-1690, unless they happened to be interested in the history of the tulip, in which case they would have read a recent King Penguin publication, "Tulipomania," wherein Mr. Wilfred Blunt tells the story of the flower's cultivation in Europe and illustrates his theme with sixteen excellent coloured reproductions of drawings by Marshal from the Windsor Library. He is supposed to have worked at Haarlem for the Prince of Orange in 1680, and the two volumes which contain the 159 folio sheets were purchased at Brussels in 1818 and were presented to George IV. in 1820. As for the artist himself, he remains a mystery.



"SYON HOUSE"; BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE III. (1738-1820), BLACK AND WHITE CHALK, STUMP AND SOME WASH.

A volume labelled "Landscapes drawn by H.M." and containing between leaves of blue card, forty-five loose and unnumbered drawings in black and white chalk provides enduring evidence of King George III.'s great personal interest in art. The Royal Collection also contains drawings by Queen Charlotte and her children.

the Royal Collection with outstanding drawings and water-colours by British artists whose works may now be sought at Windsor in vain."

The Rowlandsons are splendid—fourteen of them are illustrated—and include the two elaborately contrived landscapes, "The English Review" and "The French Review" of 1786, and the brilliant "Two Men Asleep on a Sofa," of about 1785. There are only two drawings by Gainsborough (one of them bought in 1800 by the Prince for £111s. 6d.). Queen Charlotte owned no fewer than 22; they were dispersed when her collection was sold in 1819—a lamentable loss indeed. So far, nine illustrated volumes of the Windsor Castle drawings have appeared. We can look forward in due course to the publication of five further volumes on the Italian drawings in this magnificent collection.



"TWO MEN ASLEEP ON A SOFA"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827), PEN AND GREY WASH OVER PRELIMINARY PENCIL WORK (6½ INS. BY 11½ INS.).

This brilliant drawing made c. 1785 is one of the Rowlandsons in the Royal Collection. It is illustrated in Mr. Oppé's "English Drawings at Windsor Castle," reviewed on this page.

\* Frank Davis reviews on this page "English Drawings, Stuart and Georgian Periods, in the Collection of His Majesty the King at Windsor Castle." By A. P. Oppé. (The Phaidon Press; 50s. net.)





NEW INN SIGNS FOR FESTIVAL YEAR: A DESIGN FOR THE "CROWN AND SHUTTLE," HIGH STREET, SHOREDITCH.

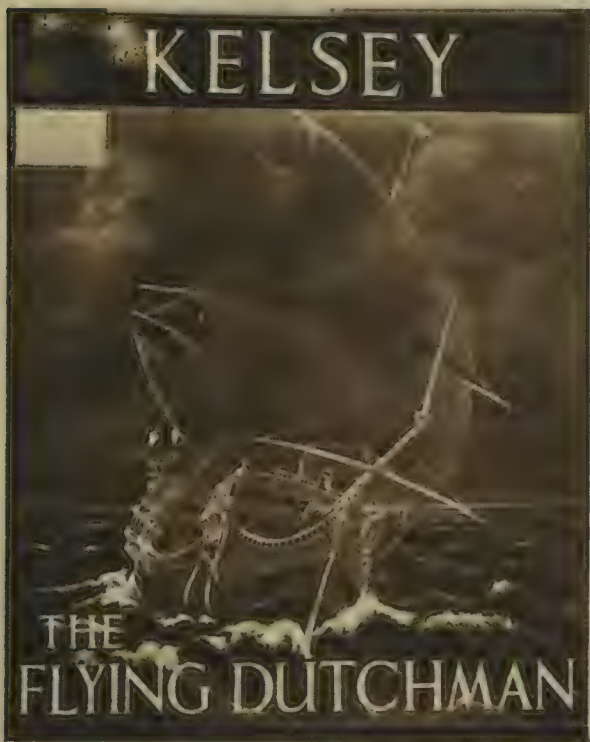
## NEW SIGNS FOR OLD INNS: ART AND THE BREWER.



A NEW SIGN FOR A WEST END HOUSE: "THE HORSE AND GROOM," WHITCOMB STREET.



"THE BRUNSWICK ARMS": HERALDRY FORMS A MOST SATISFACTORY ELEMENT IN INN SIGNS.



"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN": DESIGNED FOR THE INN OF THAT NAME AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



"THE GREEN MAN": A NEW VERSION OF A COMMON LONDON AND MIDLANDS SIGN.



TO BE HUNG THIS YEAR: "THE OLD PRINCE OF ORANGE" AT GRAVESEND, KENT.



THE TOPICAL TOUCH: "THE FLYING SAUCER," FOR A PROJECTED INN AT HEMPSTEAD WIGMORE.



A NEW SIGN FOR "THE BLUE BOY," HERTFORD: A COMPLIMENT TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.



"THE BLACK BOY": A NEW VERSION OF A SIGN OF VERY GREAT ANTIQUITY.

About a thousand new inn signs are being hung throughout the country in this Festival Year, and the designs for many of them were exhibited on February 20 at the Holborn Restaurant, to mark the occasion of the publication by Messrs. Chatto and Windus of a modern version of the standard work, Larwood and Hotten's "History of Sign Boards," under the new title "English Inn Signs." Above we show a few of the examples exhibited. In the nature of things, inn names and, in consequence, inn signs are traditional and

conservative; but new hostelries still come into being and new and topical notes are still being struck on inn signs. Perhaps the most remarkable of those exhibited was "The Flying Saucer," showing two contrasted species of the genus, for a public house yet to be built in Kent. During the exhibition, Sir H. Colville Wemyss, director of The Brewers' Society, described the brewing industry's plans for new and renovated signs during the year and referred to the days when Hogarth, Morland and David Cox had painted inn signs.



# PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**VISITING ENGLAND: MISS HELEN KELLER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN.** Seventy-year-old Miss Helen Keller, who has been blind, deaf and dumb since the age of nineteen months, arrived in England for a visit on February 21. This remarkable woman by sheer courage and determination overcame all obstacles and learned to read and write in seven languages. She has devoted her life to the blind.



**THE FIRST WOMAN CORONER IN ENGLAND: MISS MARY HOLLOWELL.** The first woman coroner to be appointed in England. On February 9 she was appointed coroner for North Suffolk. Miss Hollowell, who is thirty-eight and a solicitor, lives at Needham Market, near Ipswich. She has been a deputy coroner for four years. Her salary will be £150 a year.



**A SURVIVOR OF THE VIKING CRASH: MR. WILLIAM PERKINS.** A passenger in the B.E.A. Airways *Viking* which crashed at London Airport on October 31. Giving evidence at the inquiry, he said he unfastened his lap-strap and stood up. White vapour fumes came down the aircraft. He did not know how he got out or the order of these recollections.



**ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVORS OF THE VIKING CRASH AT LONDON AIRPORT: MISS ALICE STEEN.** Hostess of the B.E.A. Airways *Viking*, which crashed at London Airport on October 31, and one of the only two survivors. Giving evidence at the public inquiry on the crash, she said that the last thing she remembered was a sheet of flame. She next remembered walking on the ground, which was wet.



**SIR JAMES ANDREWS.** Died on February 18, aged seventy-four. He had been Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland since 1937 and, since 1924, a Privy Councillor, Northern Ireland. Educated in Belfast and Dublin, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1900, took Silk in 1918, and was a Lord Justice of Appeal, 1921-37. He was Senior Pro-Chancellor of Queen's University, Dublin.



**MR. NEVILLE MACVEY NAPIER.** A former British officer, found guilty on charges of obtaining information in regard to British forces, endeavouring to obtain, and conveying such information to a Czechoslovak intelligence agent. Sentences, totalling nine years imprisonment, imposed are subject to review by the Senior Officer, Legal Division, Allied Control Commission, Austria (British Element).



**THE DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH AUTHOR: THE LATE M. ANDRÉ GIDE.** M. André Gide, for many years one of France's leading men of letters, died in Paris on February 19, aged eighty-one. In 1947 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Nearly twenty years ago he declared himself a Communist, but after a visit to Moscow in 1935 he entirely reversed his opinions. He translated many old and new English masterpieces into French. Notably he was a translator of Shakespeare. Since 1930 his most distinctive production consisted of the successive volumes of his *Journal* (of which two volumes have recently appeared in English translation).



**GENERAL SIR CHARLES FERGUSON.** Died on February 20, aged eighty-six. He was seventh baronet of Kilkerran and was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of New Zealand from 1924 to 1930. During World War I, he commanded the Second and then the Seventeenth Army Corps. He was Military Governor of occupied German territory, 1918-19.



**MR. ALFRED PALMER, R.O.I., R.B.A.** Died recently, aged seventy-three. A painter and sculptor, who worked in all mediums, he exhibited at the R.O.I., R.B.A., and Pastel Society; and in many cities of South Africa, where he spent twenty-five years, and carried out commissions for public work. His Quarry pictures painted after 1939 were shown at the R.O.I., 1950, at Swanage (1948), and at Bournemouth.



**LEADER OF THE GOLD COAST NATIONALISTIC CONVENTION PEOPLE'S PARTY: MR. KWAME NKURMA.** One of the two successful candidates for Accra in the Gold Coast's first general election was Mr. Kwame Nkrumah, leader of the Nationalistic Convention People's Party, who was still serving a prison sentence for seditious activities committed a year ago. On February 12 he was released from prison by order of the Governor as "an act of grace."



**SIR ARTHUR STREET.** Died on February 24, aged fifty-eight. A Civil Servant of outstanding zeal and ability, he had, since 1946, been deputy chairman of the National Coal Board. He was Permanent Under-Secretary for Air, 1939-45, and Permanent Secretary of the Control Office for Germany and Austria, 1945-46. He did valuable work at many big international conferences.



**MAJOR-GENERAL BRYANT E. MOORE.** Commander of the U.S. IX Corps in Korea, died of a heart attack on February 23 after an accident while he was on an inspection tour. His helicopter crashed, and climbing out, he walked to a command post near by, and although only slightly injured, lost consciousness and died. He had taken over command of IX Corps only two weeks before.



**COMMANDER OF THE U.N. BLOCKADE AND ESCORT FORCE IN KOREA: VICE-ADMIRAL W. G. ANDREWES.** Appointed to command the United Nations blockade and escort force in Korean waters. He had been commanding British naval forces in Korean waters, and now takes over the task force from Rear-Admiral Allan Smith, United States Navy, who will serve under him. The force, also known as Task Force 95, includes ships of eight nations.



# ROYALTY AT HOME, PARLIAMENT IN GERMANY AND REFORM IN NEPAL.



WEST GERMANY'S PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, AS THEY STAND TO-DAY BESIDE THE RHINE AT BONN. WIDE EXTENSIONS ARE PROPOSED TO THE BUILDING AND THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIGHT SHOWS A MODEL INCORPORATING THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS.



WHAT BONN'S PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS MAY GROW TO: A RECENTLY-EXHIBITED MODEL, WITH THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS MADE TO THE EXISTING BUILDING. The West German Parliament building was put up at Bonn in record time, but many Ministries and ancillary buildings are scattered over several towns. The picture above shows how it is proposed to concentrate all in one group, linked to the existing building. The two photographs are from the same side but from different angles.



AT LINGFIELD PARK ON FEBRUARY 23: PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (RIGHT) SEEN IN THE PADDOCK. PRINCESS ELIZABETH WORE A LEOPARD-SKIN COAT AND BLUE HAT, AND PRINCESS MARGARET WAS IN TURQUOISE BLUE.



AT LINGFIELD TO SEE HER HORSE RUN IN A HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE: H.M. THE QUEEN, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (LEFT) PASSING THROUGH CROWDS OF RACE-GOERS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, saw her horse, *Manicou*, the favourite, beaten into third place in the Jerry M. Handicap Steeplechase at Lingfield on February 23. It was *Manicou's* first defeat over fences this season. Lord Bicester's *Bluff King* won, with Mrs. D. M. Cooper's *The Folly* second. Her Majesty wore a pale mulberry coat, a feather-trimmed hat to match, and a fox-fur stole. The Royal party lunched with the stewards.



THE KING OF NEPAL LEAVES INDIA: KING TRIBHUVANA (THIRD FROM LEFT) BETWEEN MR. NEHRU (LEFT) AND PRESIDENT PRASAD. THE NEPALESE CROWN PRINCE IS SECOND FROM RIGHT. King Tribhuvana of Nepal on February 15 returned to his capital, Katmandu, after three months exile in India, accompanied by two Queens, three Princes, two daughters, two daughters-in-law, and a grandson. The flight was made in an aircraft of Indian Air Force Transport Command from



THE KING OF NEPAL RETURNS TO KATMANDU: KING TRIBHUVANA (WITH WREATH), TWO QUEENS, MAHARAJA MOHUN SHUMSHER RANA (R.), AND THE INDIAN AMBASSADOR (L.). Palam Airport, and the Indian President, Prime Minister, and Cabinet Ministers saw the party off. On arrival they were greeted by Maharaja Mohun Shumsher Rana, Nepalese Premier. The King on February 18 issued a proclamation announcing far-reaching constitutional reforms.



# The World of the Theatre.

## PROLONGED CHEERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MIDWAY through the musical piece, "Gay's the Word," Cicely Courtneidge—aided by a strenuously athletic chorus—sings a number called "Vitality." It is about the quality of "attack" in the theatre; Miss Courtneidge asks us to believe (though none could believe it of her) that she is exhausted enough, by the time the song is two-thirds over, to need restoratives and a chair. It is a driving, tearaway song (music by Ivor Novello; lyric by Alan Melville). Its title and its substance express in some way the feeling in the London theatre during the last fortnight. We have had vitality and the right kind of attack both on the stage and in the first-night audiences. I cannot remember two consecutive weeks of so much eagerness and sustained cheering.

True, we cannot say that the volume of cheering is an index to the quality of a play: it would never be safe to hail anything on the strength of its first reception. I am inclined to believe that the ovation after the much-expected symbolic fantasy, "The Madwoman of Chaillot," at the St. James's, was first a salute to Martita Hunt rather than to the late Jean Giraudoux. The play is an odd business: it would have been better, I think, if Giraudoux had let his imagination take flight without bothering himself about the symbolism, here a load of mischief that prevents the fantasy from rising. Consider it as an anecdote about a Parisian eccentric (with her allies among other eccentrics and certain admiring simple-hearted folk of the city) and a pack of unscrupulous business men: sharpers defeated by the wit of Aurelia of Chaillot, so much saner than the people who think

redoubtable eccentric of Chaillot who appears to throw on everything in wardrobe and trinket-box before taking the air, creates her character with masterly control. It could be fantasticated out of existence: Miss Hunt makes us believe in Aurelia and her queer wisdom. Alas, the second half of the play, when the evil men—the Chairmen and Directors and the rest—must be lured to their doom in the Paris sewers (Poe would have liked this) is vaguely repetitive. We are out of the sun and into the cellar. Although I admire the performances of Angela

after it is made, yet its style remains." (This speaks for the entire Folio of Shaw.) "Man and Superman," even—as usual—without its third act, is a comedy of the briskest intellectual gaiety. There are several capital performances in the lesser parts: by D. A. Clarke-Smith, for example, as the bone-headed guardian, "Annie's Granny," whose name, Roebuck Ramsden, suits him so perfectly: and Michael Medwin as the Cockney chauffeur, "Enery: a credit to Sherbrooke Road and the Polytechnic. Here every first-night cheer was justified. Laurence Irving, the scene-designer, deserves another round for one of the most pictorially effective sets we have seen lately: the terrace of the villa at Granada, looking

across to the "hills that stretch away . . . to where, in the remotest distance, they become mountains."

At the Saville, plot and dialogue matter far less than song and action. In the libretto of "Gay's the Word," Ivor Novello keeps forgetting about his story, though no one notices the loss. The piece is simply a most plausible excuse for Cicely Courtneidge to air her own type of vitality and to get everybody—on stage or off—to join in her brimming spirits. At one point she nearly had the audience crying "Must mullets make vultures wonder?" (That is not a crossword-clue, even if at first hearing it sounds like one of the darker anagrams.) It is long since a player has had to respond to a curtain-call at the interval, as Miss Courtneidge did on the first night. Gay was the word—on the stage and off.

This is hardly an epithet to use for "The Consul," Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera at the Cambridge: a piece that contrives to be at once opera and drama, a fierce indictment of bureaucracy, the endless paper-chase behind an iron curtain,



"CONSTANCE COX'S PLAY OF OLD RUSSIA, SUGGESTED BY TURGENEV'S 'FATHERS AND SONS'": "SPRING AT MARINO" AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB, SHOWING (BACKGROUND, L. TO R.) NICHOLAI KIRSANOV (DAVID BIRD); PROKOVITCH (BRIAN WILDE); (FOREGROUND, L. TO R.) KATIA (RENÉE ASHERSON); ANNA SERGIEVNA (MARGARET RAWLINGS) AND PAUL KIRSANOV (CLIVE MORTON).



"A PIECE THAT CONTRIVES TO BE AT ONCE OPERA AND DRAMA": "THE CONSUL"—AN OPERA BY GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE—A SCENE FROM THE END OF ACT II, IN WHICH MAGDA SORREL (PATRICIA NEWAY) HAS FAINTED AFTER SEEING THE CHIEF POLICE AGENT (LEON LISHNER) LEAVING THE CONSUL'S ROOM. THE CONSUL'S SECRETARY IS PLAYED BY GLORIA LANE (L.).

her mad. If we could take it in this way, treat it merely as a caper with no other significance, it would be an original diversion in the theatre. As it stands, it is uncommon enough, but it is harnessed to Giraudoux's doctrine. Big Business, Materialism, must be defeated so that the skies can become clear again and the pigeons can fly and the flowers can bloom in the spring. It is wild; it also grows woolly, and that is unfortunate, for the first act has some quick invention: it is as inconsequential as a nursery rhyme, and we should not be in the least surprised if a new turn in the dialogue suddenly revealed the White Queen or the Dong with a Luminous Nose.

This first act is much the better. Its to-and-fro on the Paris café terrace is excellently animated. Martita Hunt, as the

Baddeley, Veronica Turleigh and Jane Grahame as the three other Parisian "madwomen," I cannot say that I find their scene with the Lady of Chaillot very engaging. The translation may have been at fault; but this type of bibble-babble needs to be considered very carefully. Later, Marius Goring—in the important part of the Rappicker—lacks for me the precise touch of fantastic inspiration when he acts as "stand-in" for the accused at the madwomen's mock trial. Still, it is an out-of-the-way evening in the theatre. On the credit side we can put the first act, much of the playing (Bill Shine's sewer-man has a gleam), and the Christian Bérard sets.

At both the New Theatre and the Saville the final cheering saluted authors as well as actors: authors working in widely differing fields. Shaw's "Man and Superman" (New) has always been a grand acting play, in spite of a curious dark patch in the first scene. John Clements and Kay Hammond now present Tanner and the pursuing Ann with so much zestful vitality that we do not ask too sternly whether they should be more intense about it, and whether Miss Hammond's gurgling, pouting drawl—wholly delightful in itself—is really the voice of Shaw's predatory young woman. Few will moan. Mr. Clements speaks richly for the Shavian creative revolutionary who might well say, as Shaw did in the Epistle Dedicatory to Arthur Bingham Walkley: "Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none: he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him. Disprove his assertion



"I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE THAT THE OVATION . . . WAS FIRST A SALUTE TO MARTITA HUNT RATHER THAN TO THE LATE JEAN GIRAUDOUX": "THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT," BY JEAN GIRAUDOUX AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, SHOWING MARTITA HUNT IN THE TITLE-ROLE

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"IRON CURTAIN" (Embassy).—Val Gielgud's sincerely-expressed drama of the displaced persons of Central Europe. (February 6.)  
 "THE WATCHMAN" (Q).—Although his experiment fizzles, Norman Latimer has the makings of a dramatist. (February 6.)  
 "THE CONSUL" (Cambridge).—This opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti, a fierce comment upon a tragedy of our times, contains a performance that establishes Patricia Neway as a singer and an actress of the first order. (February 7.)  
 "CANDIDA" (New Boltons).—Peter Cotes's revival is distinguished by the extremely intelligent Candida of Joan Miller. (February 12.)  
 "PRESERVING MR. PANNURE" (Aldwych).—Gwen Cherrill and Reginald Purdell repeat their resourceful fooling in Pinner's farce. (February 12.)  
 "SPRING AT MARINO" (Arts Theatre Club).—Constance Cox's play of old Russia, suggested by Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," has one or two sensitive scenes; but it rests upon John Fernald's production and the acting of Margaret Rawlings, Renée Asherson, Derek Farr and Clive Morton. (February 13.)  
 "A DOG FOR DELMONT" (Q).—A simple, honest-to-goodness comedy about dog-racing among Durham miners. (February 13.)  
 "MAN AND SUPERMAN" (New).—Kay Hammond and John Clements about to differ in a swift and wittily-handled revival of the Shavian comedy, minus Don Juan in Hell. (February 14.)  
 "THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT" (St. James's).—Giraudoux's drawn-out symbolic fantasy of Paris in which the eccentric of Chaillot and her friends destroy the forces of materialism. (February 15.)  
 "GAY'S THE WORD" (Saville).—No title could be more apt. Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety, and there are Novello music and Melville lyrics. (February 16.)

the cruelty of hope deferred. Patricia Neway's singing of her second act aria "stopped" the performance at the première, and here, too, there was a roaring final reception. It is an evening of strained excitement, marked by the acting and singing of Miss Neway, of a conjuring "magician" (Norman Kelley), and of Gloria Lane as the harsh Consulate secretary. A last symbolic-expressionist outbreak seems to be legitimate in its agonising context, and not merely a bit of pretentious trimming. The cast has all the attack one needs. After these heartening hit-it-across evenings it will not be easy to take the type of performance that Thorley Walters burlesques so properly in his "throw-it-away" impersonation in "Gay's the Word." The word everywhere has been attack: good news for all playgoers who exclude from their vocabulary that other word, the tiresomely nudging and misused "ham."



# THE DRIEST PLACE KNOWN IN OUR DAMP ISLANDS: GREAT WAKERING, ESSEX.



SET IN FLAT AND MARSHY COUNTRY NEAR SHOEBURYNNESS: LITTLE WAKERING, SUBSIDIARY VILLAGE OF GREAT WAKERING, THE DRIEST SPOT IN BRITAIN.



THE VILLAGE WHERE THE AVERAGE ANNUAL RAINFALL IS ONLY 18·4 INS.: GREAT WAKERING, SHOWING THE CHURCH AND THE DUCKPOND.

February has this year exceeded all records for rain. By the 26th the total recorded at Kew was 4·79 ins. against the average of 1·54 ins. for the whole month. The only other February totals in excess of 4 ins. at Kew were 4·06 ins. in 1937, and 4·13 ins. in 1879, while the Greenwich records (extending to 1815) show 4·03 ins. in 1866. Rainfall in South Coast towns on February 21 stood at 5 ins. Thus the title of the driest spot known in the country becomes a proud one. It is held by the village of Great Wakering,

2½ miles from Shoeburyness, with an annual average of 18·4 ins., states the Meteorological Office's pamphlet "Your Weather Service." Great Wakering has few other claims to fame. It and its subsidiary village of Little Wakering lie in flat, marshy country. Great Wakering possesses a church, St. Nicholas, with an early fourteenth-century tower with a shingle broached spire, but the Norman font and old wall-paintings which once adorned it have vanished. Little Wakering's Church of St. Mary is chiefly fifteenth-century.



## NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS: MAN'S ACHIEVEMENT AND INGENUITY.



THE BEGINNING OF A THRILLING ESCAPE FROM FIRE: THE SCENE AT DENVER, U.S., DURING A SUDDEN OUTBREAK IN AN ATHLETIC CLUB, WITH THE FIREMAN'S LADDER MOUNTING TOWARDS A TRAPPED ATHLETE ASTRIDE THE WINDOW-SILL OF A BLAZING ROOM.



GETTING RID OF A WEST BERLIN SURPLUS: HUGE PILES OF RUBBLE COLLECTED AND DUMPED TO COVER A GIANT AIR-RAID SHELTER AND MAKE A PARK FEATURE. West Berlin's progress in clearing bomb damage was for a time halted by the Soviet refusal to permit rubble disposal outside the Western Sectors. A neat solution to the problem has been reached. The rubble is being dumped over the giant air-raid shelters, where it will be covered with earth, planted with grass and shrubs and made into ornamental mounds.



AN R.A.F. TEST OF A NEW PARACHUTIST'S LIFE-JACKET. IN ORDER TO CONTINUE THESE TESTS IN WINTER, PERSONNEL OF THE ARMY AIRBORNE TRANSPORT TRAINING AND DEVELOPMENT CENTRE WERE FLOWN OUT TO THE GREAT BITTER LAKE IN THE CANAL ZONE IN EGYPT.



A NEAT DEMONSTRATION OF A WATERPROOFED VEHICLE: A DIVER DRIVING A U.S. JEEP, FITTED WITH A "SCHNORKEL," UNDER 11 FT. OF WATER. DURING RECENT TESTS SUCH VEHICLES CONTINUED RUNNING UNDER WATER FOR AS LONG AS FOUR HOURS.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BERLIN PICTURE: A WELL-STOCKED DELICATESSEN SHOP TESTIFIES TO THE COUNTRY'S RECOVERY.

In times when bulk buying and questions of national prestige have reduced the British meat ration to a low level, the sight of well-stocked German food shops adds a touch of bitterness to victory, although this is the result of the country's agricultural economy and her long building up of self-sufficiency.



FOXHOLES DUG BY MACHINERY: A DEVICE DEVELOPED BY THE ITALIAN ARMY FROM THE WELL-KNOWN MOBILE POST-HOLE DIGGER. ONLY ONE DRIVER AND TWO ASSISTANTS ARE NEEDED.



# CEREMONIAL IN PARIS, AND NAVAL, SPORTING AND ZOOLOGICAL EVENTS.



STEAMING INTO PORTSMOUTH ON FEBRUARY 19, THE SWEDISH TRAINING CRUISER *GOThLAND* (CAPTAIN BARON MERMELIN), WITH SIXTY CADETS ON BOARD.

*Gothland*, with sixty Swedish cadets on board, homeward bound from a cruise, arrived at Portsmouth on February 19, and left on February 23. During their stay, officers, cadets and the ship's company were entertained by the Royal Navy, and the cadets visited naval schools and establishments.



THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE FIRST REGIMENT OF *FUSILIERS-MARINS* AT THE INVALIDES: THE SCENE AFTER M. MONTEIL HAD CARRIED OUT THE CEREMONY.

The Cour d'Honneur of the Invalides, Paris, was the scene of an impressive naval ceremony when M. André-François Monteil, French Secretary for the Navy, assisted by Vice-Admiral Monteil, held an investiture, and presented new colours to the First Regiment of *Fusiliers-Marins*.



NEW ARRIVALS AT THE COPENHAGEN ZOO: TWO LITTLE POLAR BEARS, NAMED *ANGUT* AND *APUT*, JUST AFTER THEY HAD BEEN WEIGHED, MEASURED AND NAMED.

The Copenhagen Zoo has now two little rivals to *Brumas*. They recently joined the strength of the establishment, and were weighed, measured and named *Angut* (Little Man) and *Aput* (Snow White), Greenland names, in order to honour the country of their origin.



THE WOMEN'S WORLD FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS J. ALTWEGG (G.B.; WINNER), WITH MISS J. DU BIEF (FRANCE; SECOND) AND MISS S. KLOPFER (U.S.; THIRD; LEFT).

Miss J. Altwegg, of Liverpool, won the Women's World Figure-Skating Championship at Milan on February 24, with 192.72 points, beating twenty-two other competitors from nine nations. She was runner-up last year, and recently won the European Women's Championship. Miss J. du Bief (France) was second, with 188.67 points, and Miss S. Klopfer (United States of America) took third place with 185.69 points. Miss S. Morrow (Canada) was the fourth.



THE FRENCH RUGGER VICTORY AT TWICKENHAM: THE WINNING TEAM, WHO DEFEATED ENGLAND BY A GOAL, A DROPPED GOAL AND A TRY, TO A TRY.

France beat England in the International Rugby Football match at Twickenham by 11 points to 3 on February 24, their first win on English soil since the games started in 1906. Our group shows (l. to r., standing) L. Mias, H. Fourès, P. Bertrand, R. Bienes, P. Pascalín, R. Bernard, J. Prat and Mr. V. S. Llewellyn (referee); (centre) A. Porthault, G. Brun, G. Basquet (captain), R. Arcalis, M. Pomathios, G. Belletante and (seated) S. Alvarez and G. Dufau.



HOW A SEAGULL DELAYED THE START OF THE *CANBERRA*'S RECORD ATLANTIC FLIGHT: MECHANICS INSPECTING THE HOLE MADE BY THE IMPACT WITH THE BIRD.

The record-breaking non-stop flight by the English Electric *Canberra* B. 2 tactical bomber (illustrated on another page) was only made possible by an excellent "rush" repair job by English Electric and R.A.F. mechanics, who worked all night repairing the hole made by a seagull on February 20.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

AGAIN this week, the major effort is a war-story: but this time with a hopeful difference. "Long the Imperial Way," by Hanama Tasaki (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), deals with the "China incident," and is—the jacket loudly proclaims—"a novel written in English by a Japanese." And by a Japanese who fought in China for three years, and was again conscripted in the World War. So far the revelation is authentic, and it must excite a keen interest.

Still, it is not quite a revelation from the heart of things. The author, born and bred in Hawaii, and educated there and in America, had never seen Japan till he was grown up. He went in 1936, "intending," as he says, "to throw myself bodily into the progressive movement." Instead of which, he was "thrown bodily" into the Imperial Army. And now he writes it up, in the first place for Americans—in the endearing hope that he will earn enough to stock his pig-farm with a pedigree boar. I don't mean to find fault, but there it is. On top of it, he does not write well: his English is approximate and full of blunders, and completely graceless.

But still he is a Japanese who fought in China, therefore he is not dull. If this account of army discipline, of march and skirmish, leave-days and days in camp, with its concluding battle-piece, were to be judged as war fiction solely, it would have no outstanding claim. But as a documentary it never flags. It has a peasant hero with a good, simple heart; it has the charm of foreignness predigested, seasoned with kindness, yet animating every detail and excluding boredom. And finally, it has a purpose. One thing is plain all through: it would be ludicrous to charge Takeo and his mates with "war guilt." Their only personal desire is to go home; their only war aim is to die for the Emperor. On that, the Emperor being truth and beauty, the divine will, the very soul of man, there can be no debate. But since the flesh is weak, the "senior soldiers" are obliged to "put spirit into it." And this is primarily done by slapping. All junior faces should be slapped repeatedly—and there are two advantages; it means that all have their fun, and work off their humiliations on the man below. Even the new boy in this primitive and brutal public-school system—the First-Year-Soldier, everybody's fag—will have his chance in time. And probably he won't resist.

But here the victims are less brutalised than one would think likely. And as the war drags on, they have begun to doubt. They want to go home alive; they long, though very dimly, for a change of creed. . . . But it is not possible; the Emperor is all they know, and in the last resort they will go on dying for him. Because their need for an ideal, their gift of worship can't be thrown overboard. Although the author was not writing for his people, he deserves well of them.

It might be rather far-fetched to say that "Broken Canes," by Peter Vansittart (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), continues on the same side. Yet in a way it does, although they could not be more unlike. This is a subtle and erratic tribute to ideal freedom—in a progressive school in Sussex, in the late '30's.

Its head, the pink and missionary Mr. Coates, has grabbed a young Hungarian as an assistant teacher *pro tem*. Frederic was miserable at school and loathes the thought of it; nor does he want a job—but in the end he gives way, torn between intimations of the prison-house and plans for the young idea. But all are equally superfluous; the young idea is in complete charge. There is no peace, and very little order. Yet the place has a charm—because the children love it, and are bold and gay. Frederic's idea and memory of childhood were entirely different. And when the spiteful orthodox attempt to have the school closed, even the least attractive of the staff appears by contrast an inspired angel.

So much for the connection of ideas. No one employed by Mr. Coates would be surprised to learn that the Imperial Army was like a mad variety of public school; indeed, the vehement and hectic women would maintain it was the same thing. And Mr. Coates's frail experiment is poised between two world wars. The first has broken his wife's courage and unbalanced her mind. . . . Yet it is not at all that kind of story. It is not earnest—but light, impressionistic and extremely visual, all bits and pieces, all with a delicate unfinished and a tang of comedy. It has a great deal of charm.

"The Cistern and the Fountain," by Jean Matheson (Collins; 9s. 6d.), has a nice homey subject in the main. Poor Mrs. Maudslie's husband, an absconding crook, has left her penniless. She is a timid creature, and her first reaction is to fold up entirely; but it won't do, because she has to live. Then comes the bold, unladylike idea. What if The Lee became a guest-house? Would the servants put up with it? Might she not advertise for a companion?

And it all works. The guests arrive, to find a cherishing and gentle house, where the forlorn can blossom. Both Mrs. Maudslie and her new assistant have been lonely souls, and they expand too. But there are secrets at The Lee—and those who guard them are imprisoned by their own watchfulness. Until an evil force, the nurse-companion to a sick girl, worms out their truth and savagely proclaims it. And lo! it doesn't matter in the least, and they are free as air.

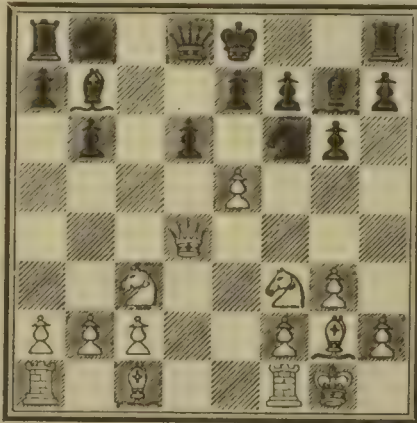
This novel has a Scottish background. It has humour, character and real life; it is most readable and pleasing, and the moral is sound. But when it came to the melodrama I ceased, though without malice, to believe a word of it.

"Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," by C. W. Grafton (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), is the story of a green young Kentucky lawyer on a murder charge. To tell the truth (since it is not concealed) he is in fact guilty; he slugged his sister's husband, under great provocation. And for his sister's sake, he thought it best to own up. Then, since she doesn't need him after all, he doubles and denies everything. Because this story is less artificial than the common thriller, one can say less about it. But it is excellent all through; it should have three stars.

## CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a bit of play which to my mind is the pure essence of master chess. Insight beyond that possessed by 999 out of 1000 ordinary chess players, brilliant calculation, superb confidence, lead to nothing but a microscopic positional advantage, useless in itself, only convertible into a win by hours of concentrated determination and skill.



Encountering this position as White in a serious game, any of us might consider moving 9. P-K5. Noting that the reply, 9. . . . P×P, would allow 10. Q×Qch, K×Q; 11. Kt×P threatening both 12. B×B and 12. Kt×Pch, we might give the move a second reading.

Then we should notice Black's alternative reply to 9. P-K5 in the diagram—9. . . . Kkt-Q2. Black's king's bishop is now pinning the pawn, which is attacked twice more, by knight and pawn. If we were to defend it by 10. B-B4, then 10. . . . Kt-QB3, attacking the pawn and our queen as well, would pile on the agony indeed.

I am convinced that the vast majority of front-rank amateurs would look no further. I doubt whether the majority of past British champions would. But Bernstein did!

He saw that, after 9. . . . Kkt-Q2, White could unpin the pawn by 10. Q-QB4. Now Black could capture the pawn in any of three different ways, by pawn, knight or bishop, but whichever way he were to capture, White could recapture on that square with his knight from KB3, simultaneously threatening to checkmate on Black's KB2 (by Q×P) and to capture Black's unprotected queen's bishop and in due course take the rook behind it.

Bernstein now felt satisfied that, were he to push 9. P-K5, his opponent could not profitably capture the pawn either at once or after 9. . . . Kkt-Q2; 10. Q-QB4!

Other questions had to be cleared up.

After 9. P-K5, would 9. . . . Kt-B3 do harm? No, he could reply 10. Q-QR4, pinning the knight which had just emerged, and answering 10. . . . P×P? (10. . . . Kt×P is, of course, impossible) with 11. Kt×P attacking the pinned knight thrice.

Or, after 9. P-K5, Kkt-Q2; 10. Q-QB4, what about 10. . . . B-QR3? No, 11. Q-QR4, now a check, again answers well; 11. . . . Q-Q2? would leave 12. P×Kt, whilst 11. . . . P-Kt4? would allow 12. Kt×P; and finally, 11. . . . Kkt-Q2 would allow 12. P×P, leaving Black's queen's pawn isolated, after 12. . . . P×P, on an open file.

Bernstein had a lot more loose ends to tie up—but let us pause at my last remark. Black would be left with an isolated pawn on an open file. That is exactly what emerged in the game, for Bernstein did play 9. P-K5 and after 9. . . . Kkt-Q2; 10. Q-QB4! Alekhine sweated for forty minutes to convince himself that he had nothing better than 10. . . . Castles; 11. P×P, P×P.

What has Bernstein's brilliance produced? Not a piece, the "exchange" or even a pawn. Forces are still materially level. The sole outcome of this superb combination is—that one of Black's pawns has been brought on to a vulnerable square.

Seven moves later, the pawn fell. On move thirty-two, Alekhine resigned.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS.

AT a time when Anglo-American relations are not as good or as close as they should and, indeed, must be, anything which serves to explain the Americans to the British, and vice-versa, serves the cause of our mutual security and world peace. Happily, for many years Mr. Herbert Agar has not merely been one of America's most distinguished writers and historians. He has also spent the bulk of each year in this country and, without losing his essential Americanism, has come to have at least one foot firmly planted on this side of the Atlantic. He is therefore peculiarly well placed to interpret his fellow-countrymen to us. And how necessary that is!

If we find Americans sometimes naively uninformed or misinformed about this country, how many of our fellow-citizens could at a glance find Detroit or Idaho on the map, still less explain what a "primary" was? So Mr. Agar's latest book, "The United States" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.), is as timely as it is exhaustive and admirable. The damage done to real Anglo-American understanding by the "blood-is-thicker-than-water" school of after-dinner orators can scarcely be overestimated. To interpret the American way of life in British terms is utterly to misunderstand the racial origins, the inherent (and the inherited) prejudices of the American peoples, and the nature of the American Constitution. Mr. Agar has a sub-title to his book. It is: "The Presidents, the Parties and the Constitution of the United States." It is well chosen.

I sometimes amuse myself by reading an account of a key baseball game in an American paper in order to revel in its delightful incomprehensibility, its delicious jabberwocky. Many people feel the same about the American Constitution. They will not be able to do so after Mr. Agar's book. Patiently, clearly, brilliantly, he expounds the bases of that Constitution, its historical origins, the need for its apparent weakness, for the "clownishness" (to use his word) of the party conventions. He shows why it is necessary—given the American way of life—for most Presidents to be men of straw. "So long as the United States remains a rambling, easy-going and enormous federation, it is doubtful whether the parties can nominate first-class candidates except by mistake." One point which will interest students of the British party machines is the almost exact analogy between the powers and position of the chairmen of the National Committees of both American parties and the chairmanship of the Conservative, though not the more centralised and autocratic Socialist, Party in this country. A fine and a valuable book, of which I hope our educational authorities have taken due note.

Two other books should be read in conjunction with Mr. Agar's to get a picture of our American friends. The first is "The Story of the American People," by C. F. Strong (University of London Press; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Agar's book was not designed to persuade, still less to propagand. Mr. Strong's book, which was first produced in the critical days of 1942, and which is now produced in a revised and enlarged edition, has as its avowed intention the increase of understanding between the British Commonwealth and the United States. It should succeed in its object. It is clear, intelligent and straightforward—though I fear our American friends may not wholly like his suggestion that Washington may not have been a great general, because of the smallness of the forces he at any one time commanded. I am not sure, too, that he is altogether fair to President Hoover when he says that Herbert Hoover, who was a member of Harding's corrupt Cabinet, "seemed quite unperturbed by these official delinquencies."

In "The Aspirin Age," a symposium on American life from 1919 to 1941 (The Bodley Head; 16s.), Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, in a fascinating article entitled "The Timely Death of President Harding," tells a different story. When at long last the easy-going, hard-drinking, poker-playing, moronic President realised that he had been duped by his cronies, he sent for Hoover. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "there's a bad scandal brewing in the administration. . . . What do you think I ought to do? Keep it under cover or open it up?" To this Hoover replied without hesitation: "There is only one course for you, Mr. President. Open it up completely and without delay." In its way this book is as essential to the understanding of the Americans—or one aspect of them—as the other two. The fantastic ballyhoo, the chromium-plated unreality of the period it covers, sprang from and was an aspect of the vast vitality of a young race. To us Huey Long, the "Kingfish" of Louisiana, is as incredible as, say, Father Coughlin and Aimee Semple Macpherson. The sense of showmanship, the ebullience, are, however, as much part of and necessary to the American way of thinking as the "clownishness" of the conventions. Aimee Semple Macpherson in the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, suddenly transforming the vast, dimly-lit building with its procession of sinners, with: "Ushers, jump to it! Turn on the lights and clear the one-way street for Jesus!", is as much part of the American scene as Errol Flynn winning the Burma campaign almost single-handed.

As typical of the British scene, to my mind, are the brown sails of the sailing-barges as they slide down between the "sea-walls" of the Blackwater or the estuary of the Thames. Alas! they are becoming progressively rarer, and before they finally vanish, it is pleasant to read a book such as "Down Tops!", by Hervey Benham (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). This is the story of the East Coast sailing-barges, and for all who love East Anglia or who wish to be made free of the mysteries of "sprittie" and "stumpie," "boomie" and "swimmie," a charming story it is.

The immense wealth of the North and the Midlands—declining also like coastwise sail—was founded on cotton. Mr. Edmund Vale knew nothing about cotton before he stepped into "The World of Cotton" (Hale; 12s. 6d.), but the reader will enjoy finding out with him the secrets of what is still one of our most important industries.

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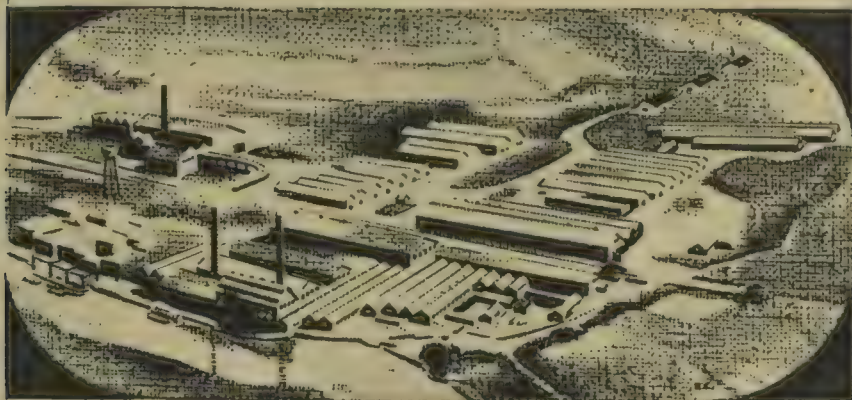
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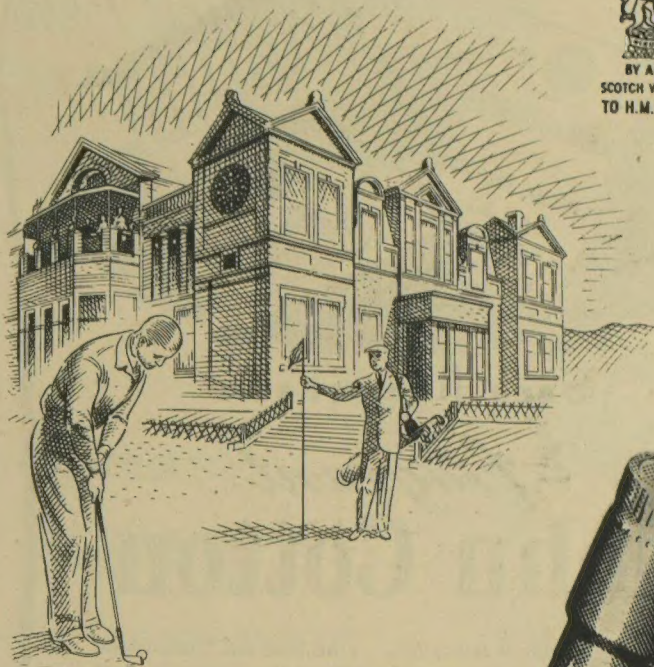
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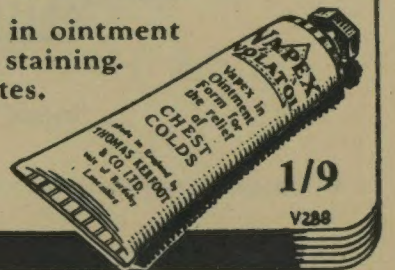
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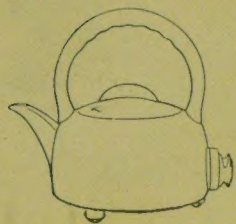
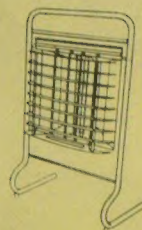
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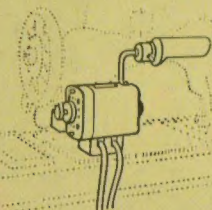
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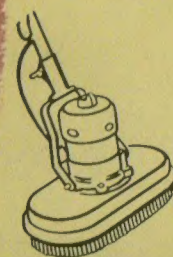
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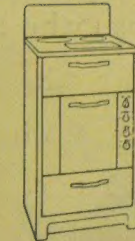
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